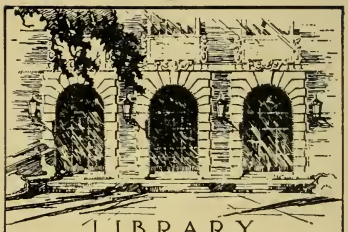

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THE

MASK OF FASHION,

A PLAIN TALE;

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

G. SIDNEY, Printer,
Northumberland-street, Strand.

THE

MASK OF FASHION;

A PLAIN TALE:

WITH,

ANECDOTES FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE

MASK OF FASHION.

VOL. II.

Our heroine having thus effected her escape from infamy and oppression, proceeded, as fast as her tender limbs would allow her, through a narrow lane, with deep waggon ruts on each side, made almost impassable by the heavy rains, which had fallen during the whole of the preceding day and night.

Unshaken, however, by the difficulties

before her—insensible to fatigue—and smarting with the wounds her late exploit had imprinted on her delicate hands—the virtuous maid scrambled forwards.

With the glimpse of day, Laura found herself on an extended heath—the rain increased, and the ground was so slippery, she could scarcely maintain her footing—still persevering, she was cheered, at length, by the appearance of a high road; and, about nine o'clock, to her great joy, she discovered a public house at no great distance from her.

Approaching, she beheld the sign of a Crown hanging before the door, and underneath was written—"*Licensed to let Post-horses.*"—but the house was shabby in the extreme.

Dripping with wet, and pennyless, Laura

hesitated a moment; but personal considerations silenced her doubts, and she entered the house without meeting any one, till she reached the tap-room; where she found a sailor, with a decent-looking young woman, of about five and twenty, breakfasting before a blazing fire.

Room was instantly made for the stranger to warm herself; but Laura had scarcely felicitated herself on this comfortable change of scene, when a short, squat, red-faced woman, came waddling into the room.

"Hey-day!" said she, clapping her arms akimbo, "what trumpery have we "got here?—Marry, come up, my dirty "cousin, I'd have you to know this is an "inn for your betters."

"For God's sake, my good woman!"- -

" *Good woman,* quotha !---mighty pret-
" ty, indeed; here have I paid scot and
" lot these fourteen years come next Eas-
" ter, and thof I say it, don't care that,
" (snapping her thumb and finger) for land-
" lord or excise man; and after all, I am
" to be called *good woman* by such a var-
" mint as you are—come, troop I say—
" troop—or I'll send for a constable to
" teach you to come sneaking into honest
" folks' premises."

" Hilloah !- ----avast heaving there, old
" Catamaran," exclaimed the honest tar.
—— " What! turn out a poor half-
" drownded traveller in such wea-
" ther as this ?—why, I'd have you to
" know, there is never an enemy's port,
" not in the wide world, where a vessel,
" d'ye see, driven in by stress of weather,
" would not find a comfortable birth, and
" good anchorage.—Shiver my timbers,

" but she is a well-built little cruizer—
" what if her rigging be a little dama-
" ged!—don't you see she has been scud-
" ding under bare poles, and wants to be
" refitted—I warrant me she requires no-
" thing but an able commander, and will
" sail steadily through the voyage of life—
" winds and current serving.

" Come—come—take her in tow, d'ye
" see.—Here, you old land porpoise—
" here is two yellow boys for you—both
" got King George's picture on them—
" God bless him, I say—there, take
" them—it never shall be said, d'ye see,
" that Ben Block turned his back upon a
" fellow creature in distress with a guinea
" in his pocket------aye, you may squint
" at them—they are fairly come by—ho-
" nestly earned in the service of my coun-
" try, d'ye see.—Here I am, afraid of no
" man—for two and twenty years I've been

" to sea, both man and boy, and knows
" my duty—ne'er a betterer seaman ever
" stepped between stem and stern; but all's
" one for that—many's the hard gale I've
" weathered in my time, and many's the
" brave messmate I've seen fall by my side,
" when we've been grappling the ene-
" my, d'ye see,—yard arm and yard
" arm—but here I am still, because as
" how, my time is not come.—Why I
" sailed with brave Nelson in the Cap-
" tain-----the Lord bless him—he is a no-
" ble commander—the seaman's friend—
" and an honour to old England.

" But as I was saying—we were in the
" battle off St. Vincent's—a Spanish four
" decker along side, and a three decker
" upon both our quarters—why, we fought
" them, d'ye see, till some more of the
" fleet comed up—then we engaged the
" *San Nicolas*—and boarded her—blow me,

" but 'twas rare sport—our gallant com-
" mander boarded himself from the fore
" chains into the enemy's quarter gallery—
" I, and a handful of others, followed—and
" so we went through the cabin upon
" deck—my eyes! how the Dons stared—
" but we soon drove the lubbers below,
" and clapped on the hatches—then we
" were sorely raked by a three decker—
" d'ye see—' come my boys' says the
" brave Nelson, ' we must board her
" too'---and so we did, d'ye see, but they
" made no resistance---so I counts that as
" nothing."

" Lord, Mr. Block," replied the land-lady, whose features were astonishingly softened by the two guineas---" I am sure " I am not more hardhearteder than other " folks---only one does not chuse to have " people come into one's house, you know, " without seeing who is who---

" Why there, it is now---no laterer
" ago than last summer, a gipsy woman
" comed here to tell me my fortune; and
" a sweet spoken young woman she was,
" that's sartain---why she told me, do you
" know, I should one day ride in my own
" coach---so, as I was saying---while I
" went to the larder to fetch her some bro-
" ken victuals, what does my lady do, but
" whips me a leg of mutton off the spit
" that weighed 9¼lbs. and marched clean
" off with it."

" Belay your palaver there, old mother
" bumboat, and get the poor young wo-
" man somewhat to comfort her, and
" here, Poll, go up stairs with the pretty
" creature, and overhaul your bundle, d'ye
" see, and let her have somewhat to make
" her dry and wholesome---D——n it, my
" girl, we are not made for ourselves, but

" to help one another at a pinch, d'ye " see."

" That I will, Ben, with every vein in " my heart"— answered his wife—" come, " my pretty dear, will you go with me?"

Laura, overpowered by the goodness and generosity of this honest pair, and attributing this unlooked for succour to the mediation of providence in her behalf, frankly accepted the liberal offer, saying, she should be enabled to repay them in a few days.

" As to matter of paying back," said Ben, " why look ye—that argufies nothing " —Here's Poll and I been to the Agent " in London, to get some prize-money— " and when that's gone—why, then, I'll " fight for more; peace cant last long, " while little Boney is above ground.——

" Aye—many's the good fellow that Cor-
" sican lubber has sent to Davy's locker."

The landlady was now all officious civility, and shewed Laura to a bed-room upstairs—where she was soon joined by Polly Block with dry linen.

To say the truth, there was nothing very recommendatory in Laura's dress, to persons who were accustomed to judge from outward appearances—she wore a quaker-coloured round gown, of Queen's stuff; and being without a hat, she had divided the shawl which, on the night of the fire, concealed her disordered dress; applying the one half to her shoulders, and the other to bind round her head—the whole drenched with rain, and her petticoats so clotted with mud, up to the knee, that suspicion might have been fairly awakened, had not

nature given her a superior air and loveliness not to be removed by any casualty.

While Laura was dressing, Polly went down for a bason of tea, and our heroine being much restored by this seasonable relief, determined on writing to her father immediately after breakfast.—In the mean time, Polly told her that they were within a short distance of Kingston upon Thames; that they had travelled from town through Richmond, as she had an orphan niece living on the borders of Ham Common with her grand-mother; and that they had put up at the Crown out of the rain the preceding evening, in their way to meet the Gosport Coach, at Kingston.

Our heroine, taking down their address, said she would trouble them to put a letter into the post-office when they reached town, and asking for pen, ink, and paper,

Polly left her to write; but Laura's hands were so swelled, she could scarcely hold the pen.—Yet write she must—and the task, for the first time in her life, appeared difficult—at last she began.

Thursday.

" After an absence, at once so alarming and mysterious, I should shudder to appeal to the best and most honoured of parents, had I, in the smallest degree, been instrumental to the act; and my confidence, on the present occasion, is increased, by the favourable sentiments with which my dearest father and mother have always viewed my conduct.

" It is my peculiar hard fate to have suffered, undeservedly, and to have the punishment increased—not by an oblivion—but by a silence on the past. And I trust to the indulgence of my beloved parents for the conviction, in their minds,

that I shall return to them, worthy their fondest partiality.

" An avowal of names, or circumstances, would only tend to increase our domestic troubles—let me, therefore, intreat you to be silent on the subject, and with all convenient speed to send for me, at the Crown inn, near Ham Common; where, by the help of the Almighty, I am free to fly once more to your dear—your parental—embraces—and in the sweet task of soothing your sorrows, forget the distraction of my own sufferings. From,

" Your ever dutiful

" and affectionate daughter,

" Laura Manly."

Having completed this painful task, our heroine asked to see Polly.—The thunder now began to shake the globe with awful,

and reiterated peals; but the atmosphere gradually cleared, and in two hours, honest Ben and his wife took leave of the object of their benevolence with many hearty blessings.

Left to herself, Laura began to feel the effects of her extraordinary exertions, and hoping rest might improve her health, she took a bason of water gruel, and retired to bed.

The friendly admonitions of the good curate, drawn from the consoling resources of christianity, added to the cordial efforts of his wife, served, in time, partially to appease the agonizing sufferings of Mr. and Mrs. Manly; who, were prevailed upon to accompany their friends to the Parsonage.

The left shoulder and arm of Mr. Manly

had been dreadfully burnt, during his frantic wanderings in search of his child—and this, now, proved a very fortunate circumstance; as the pain he suffered, and the attentions his case required, contributed, in some measure, to divide the feelings of his wife, and detach her sorrows from a subject calculated to harrow the sensibilities of her nature. Still, the mysterious absence of their daughter, preyed upon the very vitals of her desponding parents.—Every enquiry was set on foot, but all to no purpose—imagination, even, could not lead to any clue, either of suspicion or reality; and they became the wretched victims of a suspense, infinitely more oppressive, than the most poignant certainty.

Time rolled on, without presenting any gleam of hope to gild this melancholy scene; and although it wore off the more tumultous effusions of outward grief, yet

the disease itself was deeply rooted in the heart of this virtuous pair, and they became perfectly regardless of themselves.

The landlord, however, who was well insured, set about rebuilding their cottage, and the Manlys were still at the parsonage, when Laura's letter arrived.

Excess of joy had now nearly proved more fatal than that of despair—they would have flown to embrace their darling child; but were too feeble to encounter such a journey.—At length, with infinite reluctance, they saw minutes lost by indecision—minutes, that would haveaccelerated their blissful meeting—and yielding to the earnest solicitations of the curate; he set off to the neighbouring post town; and stepping into a chaise; drove, without further delay, to the concealment of the expecting Laura.

Four days had passed: and our heroine, trembling with indefinable sensations of mingled pleasure and pain, was sitting by the fire in her bed-room, reading, notwithstanding it was near one in the morning when the rattle of a carriage up to the door, followed by a loud knocking, startled Laura from her book—she gave a faint ejaculation, as she half rose from her seat—but fell backwards, at the instant, in her chair without further power to move.

The violent throbbings in her bosom assured her, it was her father—there was something solemn in the approaching meeting, which disturbed the fondness of anxiety—a painful emotion that mingled with her love and duty, and robbed them of that pure transport, which had hitherto distinguished every domestic hour of her life in their beloved society.

A short time, however, removed these involuntary oppressions of the spirits—she received the visit of the good curate, and her most anxious enquiries were answered with a softened regard to truth, that deprived circumstances of their asperity.

A few hours rest sufficed the worthy man, who felt that every hour was an age which retarded the happiness of his friend—they therefore set out about 11 o'clock, on their return to Devonshire.—Mine hostess, with a profusion of compliments, wishing her *ladyship* a pleasant journey.

Nineteen hours unremitted posting took them to the parsonage—As the carriage passed the honey suckle hedge before the door, Laura, quite overpowered by her feelings, exclaimed—

" My dear Sir; for heaven's sake sup-
" port me!"

The next moment brought her father to the carriage door, although so early in the morning, and our heroine, no longer able to contend with her emotions, fainted ere he could press her to his exulting heart.

We now leave this happily re-united family to the indulgence of that supreme delight which virtuous minds alone partake—but which no language is equal to describe—and return to our *moral* hero.

When Laura, resisting all the tenderest appeals from love, nobly resolved to forego the dangerous indulgence of her passion; and with a constancy rare at her years, and foreign to the weakness of her sex, shunned every possibility of meeting her much-loved Dormer—he, by every disguise and

stratagem, sought an opportunity to renew his vows; and, under the continued mask of spotless honor, to prevail with the victim of fond credulity to bless his impatient wishes—not that he really proposed to marry; his valet, the only confidant of his secret machinations, was to act the parson, and cheat the deluded Laura of her peace for ever.

Foiled in his hopes—he desperately resolved to fire the premises, and bear off Laura in the general confusion—the result of this refinement of infamy is before our readers, who may wonder, that a mind capable of so daring an act of villainy should relinquish his purpose, when the object was so completely in his power. Let it be remembered, that Dormer was no sensualist—he did not seek to violate her lovely person—his passion beat with all the eager expectation of being entranced, within

the arms of timid, half-reluctant, loveliness—he read Laura's partiality in her eyes—he trusted to its influence on her conduct; and, by retarding, meant to augment, his happiness.

But judge his astonishment, on the morning following her escape, when his demon friend, Miss Aurelia Clementina, came into his dressing room, almost convulsed with laughter; and pointing her fore finger, in token of ridicule, remained sometime unable to utter a syllable—at length, the hysteric gust subsiding, she acquainted Mr. Dormer with the subject of her mirth.

"A pretty business—on my honour—"good sentimental Sir! You have now "nothing to do but consider whether the "pistol—the poisoned chalice—or the "rope—will be the most graceful passport

" to the other world—nay, you must be
" quick too—for I am much mistaken, if
" the law, in a few days, will not limit you
" to *one* way of travelling— and prove an
" exalted, if not an honorable, exit.—Had
" you taken my advice, Mr. Dormer, it
" would have been otherwise;—A woman
" once possessed—no matter how—who
" loves the object of her ruin, *never* re-
" pents; her heart opens to the full enjoy-
" ment of her new-found happiness—and
" the intoxicated senses shun all tendency
" to reflection—do you think your pretty
" Laura would have ran away, had you
" behaved like a MAN?—No—on my
" faith—but you deserve it, for being such
" a pitiful villain.

" For my own part—I mean to leave
" you instantly, and to retire upon £200
" a year—I do not ask your consent—nor
" do I trouble myself about writings—I

" have a better security—YOUR LIFE!—and
" upon the least failure on your part—if
" you escape justice now—it is my firm,
" and unalterable, resolution, to deliver
" you up to that fate you have so well
" merited!

" Now, Mr. Dormer, you know my
" mind—and will act as you think pro-
" per."

With these words—and a disdainful toss of the head—Miss Aurelia Clementina quitted the room: leaving our hero in a state of mind little short of actual madness.

Having paced the room for some time in a wild, disordered step, and frantic air, he rang the bell, and ordered his horse to be saddled.

For the whole day, he traversed the neighbourhood in quest of intelligence but, returned, at night, with increased despair—he had every thing to dread from Laura's family—he saw the fatal noose ready fitted to his neck.

In agonies not to be described, he called for his faithful valet, and having commisioned him to ride post to Devonshire, determined to absent himself from the world, till he should know the real position of affairs.

Simpson obeyed the impatience of his master, by setting off directly: and on his arrival, disguised himself in the habit of a poor old beggar man, giving his countenance the appearance of age, by means of an appropriate wig, and rough beard.

He hovered about the neighbourhood for some days, and found every body busied in relating the adventure of Laura, which was told in a variety of ways; but he heard no mention of his master's name—he, therefore, presented himself towards dusk at the parsonage, and having fabricated a piteous tale, was permitted to warm himself at the kitchen fire, where he was relieved with food and a mug of ale.

This indulgence he protracted as long as possible: and came away perfectly satisfied, from the conversation which passed, that Laura had not avowed the author of her misfortunes.

With these glad tidings, he hastened back to his master, who derived new existence from the information.—He pressed Simpson's hand with rapture, and

assured him, anew, that he would make him independent at his uncle's death.

Returning to the rookery, he learnt Miss Aurelia Clementina and her mother had both decamped; the former leaving a letter expressive of her detestation, and repeating those threats she positively proposed to fulfil, on the smallest delay on his part, to pay her the annuity she had dictated, half yearly, at a place to which she gave him the address.

Whatever his views might be respecting this termagent, they were, for the present, concealed; and he rather rejoiced at the freedom she had given him; although he was too much in her power, not to feel the policy of keeping terms with her—he, therefore, wrote expressing concern at the singularity of her conduct; and concluded, with the

most positive assurances, that he would never prove inattentive to her welfare.

He continued in this seclusion for near three months, and not having heard any thing from Laura, began to resume his former tranquillity; when a new turn was given to his affairs, as unexpected as critical—A letter from his uncle summoned him to Mansel Hall.

Mr. Augustus Mansel, the maternal uncle of Mr. Dormer, was a batchelor, turned of sixty---a disappointment in love, when a very young man, had made him resolve to lead a single life; and having a large fortune, he adopted his godson from his birth; educated him, and brought him up as heir to his estates.

His life was secluded, and passed in the midst of his tenantry, by whom he

was universally beloved.---He was the steady advocate of the poor, and inflexible in his friendships.

Among those more particularly distinguished by his regard, was Captain Bateman; a gentleman who was an honor to his profession; but having, unhappily in his youth, received a musket ball in the loins, just above his hip, which the faculty had not been able to extract, his country was deprived of his future services, and he retired invalided.

The Captain, with his wife and daughter, occupied a neat cottage about three quarters of a mile from the hall, and their sole dependance was his pay.

Their domestic happiness received a severe shock by the death of Mrs. Bateman, about three years ago, and his undi-

vided affections, then centered in his daughter Eliza, a very charming girl, now in her 23d year.

Mr. Mansel — whose regard for the Captain was enthusiastic-- had often attempted to press his purse upon him: But the honest pride of the soldier, gloried in his independence; he therefore resolutely, yet obligingly, declined his friend's liberal offers.

But fate, which mars our best resolves, too often, suddenly deprived Eliza of her sole support; an apoplexy terminated the earthly career of her beloved father, leaving her without a shilling in the world.

Mr. Mansel, sensibly affected at the death of this worthy man, went immediately to the cottage, to comfort the weeping maid—and all that delicacy, and

the most affectionate attention, could do, was done, to alleviate her heartfelt sorrows.

Eliza refused to leave her father's remains; and paid the last tribute of filial affection at the grave.

Mr. Mansel, after a variety of plans to secure the happiness of this ill-fated girl; at length hit upon one, which, though it may be ridiculed as romantic; had, for its basis, the most noble and disinterested of principles---he only awaited till time would reconcile his declaration with the laws of propriety.

Hobling on his stick towards the cottage, Eliza, the moment she saw her friend ran out to meet him; a smile of welcome dimpled on her cheek, as she gave her arm to help him to her little parlor.

The common topics of the day having been exchanged; Mr. Mansel hemm'd twice; and, with an air of some embarrasment, proceeded:

" There are few things, my dear Eliza, " sit nearer to my heart than your welfare " and establishment — I have pondered " on the means most likely to secure " it—but a busy, meddling world, steps " in between my wishes—I know enough " of the malevolence of human nature, " to fear, that neither my years, or my " gouty legs, would be a protection " against its virulence—my motives, how- " ever pure, would be subject to base " constructions, and while I sought to " befriend you, I should become the " author of your disgrace.

" You well know my story, and the " faithful affections which have hitherto

" wedded me to the grave; and I do not
" fear your censure, although I may meet
" your refusal, when I solemnly declare—
" yourself excepted—there is not a woman,
" in the creation, to whom I would give
" my hand."

" Eliza blushed extremely—but was
" silent—Mr Mansel arose, saying:—

" I will leave you for the present—re-
" flect on what I have said, and ask your
" own heart (smiling) whether you should
" like to nurse a gouty old fellow; and if
" the affectionate attentions of a *friend* can
" compensate for the ardors of a *lover*—
" when you have weighed the subject, send
" me your sentiments by letter: and re-
" member—as an alternative—that an
" annuity of £300 a year awaits your
" acceptance—but then we must part---
" never to meet again.

Mr Mansel without waiting a reply left the cottage.

Almost the whole of Eliza's life had been passed on this tranquil spot---her affections were bound up in every object around her ---she was well acquainted with the worth of Mr. Mansel---her gentle bosom never formed a truant wish—her education had been confined, but study had improved her understanding; and if she was not brilliant, she was, at least, sensible and well-informed.

Her heart made no objections to this proposal, which was enhanced by a consciousness of the generosity in which it originated—she dwelt on the subject all day and all night—and next morning, felt more pleasure, than pain, in writing to Mr. Mansel.

" My dear Sir,

" An unnecessary reserve is as foreign from my heart, as it is from my practice; and I should be very unworthy the flattering opinion with which you distinguish me, if I was capable of offering a light, or coquetish answer, to the proposal you have honored me with—permit me, therefore, my dear Sir, to confess with freedom, that next to my beloved parents, you are the object dearest to my affections; and that I think I cannot better fulfil the gratitude, which mingles with my other emotions, than by declaring my perfect willingness to fulfil every duty towards you, sanctioned by a title it will be my pride to acknowledge.

" ELIZA."

Mr. Mansel received this amiable confession with much pleasure, although he did not manifest it by any extravagance of

gesture—every thing was soon arranged; and, at the expiration of a suitable mourning, the wedding was appointed to take place.

It was to insure his presence on this occasion, that Mr. Mansel wrote to desire Mr. Dormer's company at the hall.

Shortly after his arrival, Mr. Mansel took him into his study, and thus addressed him---

" I loved your mother---Augustus---
" I respected your father---and have en-
" deavored to prove my affection for you,
" from your infancy."

Mr. Dormer would have interrupted his uncle, here, with declarations of gratitude, sentimentally arranged—but the old gentleman desired he might have an uninterrupted hearing.

" It is with pleasure I reflect, on the " happy effects resulting from the careful " education I have given you, which has " raised your character so much above the " generality of young men, in your rank " of life.—And the virtues I see blooming " in your mind, are a rich reward for all " my cares and anxieties on your ac- " count.

" You have lived in independence since " your boyish days,—an independence, " Augustus, better calculated to insure " your happiness than a larger income.— " By teaching you to regulate your ex- " penses, you will know the value of af- " fluence hereafter; and those superflui- " ties which others lay out in gewgaws " of fashion or luxury, you will have learned " to offer to the sufferings of humanity.

" So much for my motives, with regard

" to *your* conduct—now learn those which
" have influenced *my own*."

Here Mr. Mansel gave a feeling detail of his attachment to the Bateman family; and concluded, with telling him, in four days the wedding would be privately celebrated.

Mr. Dormer assured his uncle of the joy with which he received this unexpected intelligence—an amiable companion would cheer his hours of solitude, and the participation of so charming a nurse, help to chase away the pettish humours, inseperable from pain and sufferings------He begged to see his future aunt.

" Your conduct, on this occasion,
" Augustus", replied his uncle, " endears
" you, to me, more than ever—most
" young men, in your situation, would

" have thought it inimical to their future " hopes—they would have feared the " power of a blooming bride, over an " old fellow enveloped in flannels---in " short—they would tremble for their " inheritance.

" Now, although I do not pretend to " be wiser than other people, I have no " sort of apprehension that Mrs. Mansel " will ever attempt an undue influence " over me; but as nothing is certain, and you " deserve so well from me, here" presenting a parchment--" is an assignment of £5000 " per annum, at my death, in the mean time " your present income will be increased to " £1500 a year."

Dormer received the parchment with a respectful bow, and replied:

" I accept, my dear uncle, this act of " munificence, as a test of your regard—

" and believe me, that assurance is infi-
" nitely more gratifying to my heart, than
" the revenue of a monarch would be—
" suffer me, therefore, to repose this
" treasure in security, which I do, by re-
" turning it to your custody, my dear
" uncle, being resolved to hold no interest
" separated from yours, while it may
" please God to spare you to me."

" Noble boy!" exclaimed his delighted uncle—while tears of joy ran down his cheeks, and he arose to embrace him.

In the evening they both went over to the cottage, and Augustus was introduced to his future aunt.

Eliza could not boast the regularity of beauty, but her features bespoke—a candor — vivacity — innocence—and modesty—that could not fail to interest the beholder.

Mr. Mansel was entirely ignorant of his nephew's attachment to Laura—indeed, it is most probable, he would have promoted such an union---but Dormer had other views---and while his ambition looked forward to a splendid alliance, he amused his passions, with objects, of less *worldly* consequence; but rich in nature's gifts. Having been very little at Mansel hall since his school-days, he had never seen Eliza; but when he did---the artless captivation of her winning beauty, roused all the devil in his dissembling bosom;—and, with the malicious smile of fascinating courtesy, employed by Sâtan to seduce the first and loveliest of women---our accomplished hero, gracefully, saluted the elected bride.

Eliza blushed; not with the simple flush of confusion; but with an ardent, deepened glow—her eyes seemed opened on a new world—the elegant person—the dig-

nified address—the graceful manner—the insinuating smile, of the bewitching Dormer, operated, like a charm, upon the senses of the astonished maiden; who gazed with trembling on his magic form.

Instead of the calm consent her heart had hitherto yielded to the wishes of Mr. Mansel, an unknown turbulent emotion sprang up—she almost shuddered at the expectation of the morrow—the intended ceremony filled her with apprehension—she wished she had never seen Dormer—or that she might never see him again.

Such was the manner in which Eliza passed the short interval preparatory to her marriage—on the wedding morn, however, she arose—determined not to disgrace an event to which she had cheerfully assented—by any apparent reluctance—and

she began to con the first lesson in the great volume of dissimulation.

With this painful resolution, Eliza met her future husband, and a special license having been procured, the marriage was solemnized at the hall, without any other witness than the housekeeper, and Augustns who acted as the bride's father.

On the following week, an hospitable rustic entertainment was given to the tenantry—two large marquees were erected in the park; and beef, plumb pudding, and home-brewed ale, was the order of the day.

Eliza, already known among them for the benevolence of her character, was hailed, with honest, unaffected joy, the mistress of Mansel hall—while the worthy bridegroom almost forgot his gouty toes,

and would fain have led down the dance—a hasty twitch, or two, however, soon moderated his sportive fancies.

Augustus assisted his uncle in doing the honours of the feast—he laughed with one—joked with another---pledged a third—and removed all the tedious forms that rank placed between them, by the urbanity of his manners.—Eliza was hostess among their wives and daughters—and when the pipe and tabor called them to the merry dance—she gave her hand to Augustus, and joined the happy throng. Her spirits rose with those of her guests—her partner, did not, by any particularity of look or gesture, awaken the apprehensions of prudence—he was gay, lively, pleasing but all, within such well regulated bounds, the severest prude could not have censured the delight which played in every

artless feature of Eliza's happy countenance.

The honey-moon passed without any interruption to the general harmony. Eliza had slightly cultivated music, and could just play to amuse herself on the piano. Augustus wished to improve her taste, by regular lessons—Mr. Mansel discovered much satisfaction at his nephew's proposal, and Eliza, notwithstanding she would rather have avoided such a connection with the too dangerous Dormer, could not offer any ostensible reason for declining so advantageous an offer.

About this time, Mr. Mansel was afflicted with a very severe fit of the gout, which confined him, altogether, to his easy chair—but the lessons had already began: and although Eliza would have given up the pursuit, to become the constant nurse

of her benefactor, friend, and husband, the unconscious victim of ungrateful duplicity, persisted in urging her to a fatal perseverance.

Left to each other for hours in the morning, the insidious master taught a two-fold lesson—and the harmony produced by her skilful finger, was but a deluding contrast to the stormy passages which began to invade the feelings of her late peaceful bosom.

Still the rules of propriety were so strictly preserved, Eliza could not complain—It was not, by words that Dormer made his passion known—a look—a gesture—a well-timed confusion—all confessed what language dared not to avow—and the trembling victim thus received the barbed dart, while innocently thoughtless of a wound.

Summer advanced——Evening rambles were added to the baneful employments of the morning, and Dormer now began to meditate the accomplishment of his hellish purposes.

One morning, he presented Eliza, at the piano, with a song, written and composed by himself—it was folded like a note—and he pressed her to try it on the instrument —the music was soft—tender—insinuating —the language powerfully addressed to the heart—she attempted to play; but trembled so violently, she was compelled to plead an head-ache, and arose—Dormer darted an expressive glance from his fine black eyes it was answered by a crimson suffusion of the cheek, and downcast eyes, by Eliza—who, making a slight excuse to her husband, was about to retire.

Just as she reached the door, Dormer,

removing the song from the music stand, and dexterously substituting an unsealed note, of a similar appearance, said,

" You do not honour my muse, Mrs. " Mansel; or fear to make me proud of " my performance."

" I really beg your pardon, Mr. Dor- " mer; but my indisposition is alone to " blame—indeed, I will learn this lesson " by heart, before to-morrow morning, " and that will, I hope, atone."

She took it with a smile—and he, bowing, turned to his uncle—As she left the room——

" Well, Augustus," said the old gentleman, " tell me candidly, my dear boy, do " you condemn my folly, or approve my " choice?"

" I should be a very imperfect observer " —my dear sir—if I did not see all that " is amiable in Mrs. Mansel—you cannot " sufficiently appreciate so great a bles- " sing—long—long—may you enjoy it."

" You are quite an enthusiast in Mrs. " Mansel's praise, Augustus, but she " deserves it all—she is, in truth, a trea- " sure; and has made me so much in love " with matrimony, that I shall now long " to see you as happily settled.

" *As happily settled*"—replied Dormer with a smile, " and where in the name of " fate, my good uncle, would you have " me seek the *rara avis* who could make " me so—not I hope, in our circles of " *haut ton?*"

" Why not Augustus—does not the " British court hold out the brightest

" examples of every feminine virtue in
" the lovely family that surrounds the
" throne ?---Our young nobility must emu-
" late the model, or they do not deserve
" the rank they hold."

" Good arguments enough, uncle, to
" be made in an easy chair—a room pan-
" nelled with oak—and a park and
" grounds abounding with the simple
" beauties of nature: but permit me to
" assure you, nothing like nature is seen
" in the metropolis—unless it be the dress
" of the ladies—that, I confess, approaches
" very nearly to nature."

" And pray, Augustus, with these opini-
" ons, how do you mix in the world ?"

" Nothing more easy, my good Sir—
" the follies, in which we have neither

" interest, or connection, serve to amuse " us."

" But you do not hold this language, " surely, to every body."

" Oh, no—I do not set up for a pub- ' lic reformer; it is quite bold enough, in " me, not to imitate manners I despise: " and I am well received, though differing " *in my principles*, from the generality of " my neighbours. All this is very well " for a party; but when I am induced to " marry, I shall look for the beauties of " the mind—on them, alone, I should " ever dream of founding hopes of hap- ". piness."

" You are young enough, my boy; the ' more experience you get of this same " comical kind of world, the better you " will be enabled to make a proper choice.

" All I have to say is---I will give you my
" hearty blessing---and *something* to pay
" the expenses of your nursery.

The footman announced to Mr. Dormer, that a groom waited with his saddle horses at the door---He, soon after, took a morning's ride.

Mrs. Mansel was not seen by her treacherous nephew till dinner: when her confusion gave him all the information he could wish. She studiously avoided his most trifling civilities; and, as soon as the cloth was removed, again retired to her dressing room.

Mr. Mansel, quite alarmed at this sudden indisposition, sent for a physician; while Augustus undertook, with every possible tenderness, to be the consolation of his uncle—but, when he took leave at

night—it was to arrange such proceedings, as would lead to the consummation of his plan. He wrote the following billet, to be ready at any favourable moment that might offer.

" You fly me—nay, I fear, despise me; yet I do not attempt to justify my own conduct, or complain of your's: to be the cause of uneasiness, *to you*, is the most painful sentiment I can know.

" Condemn not, therefore, too hastily. Be *You* my judge, and sum up evidence against me from my past actions.

" Born with a heart fraught with sensibility, I have hitherto rambled through the world, like a Being without feeling—I have often wondered at my apathy on this material point, when, on all others, my

soul has been alive to the most exquisite emotions: what could it mean?

" Ah---Eliza--- why has it been reserved for you, *alone*, to unfold this long neglected mystery!

" I have passed calmly through the ring of rival beauties—I have been called insensible—I have been ridiculed—while my only fault was an excess of delicacy—purity—and refinement.

" The women assailed me with all those pleasures which would enslave the voluptuary—my heart asked for all the virtues which form the solid basis of real enjoyment.

" You came—you conquered! When I see you, I desire nothing else---when I

do not---I only desire you—Nothing can please me but that which resembles you—Hear me then—Relieve my torments, by pitying them. I am too much the votary of honour to wish for more."

By an artifice, as successful as the former, he delivered this billet, in the presence of his uncle, to Mrs. Mansel—She dared not refuse it.

In her room, she read it over and over; bathed it with tears; she felt he was master of her heart; and the tranquillity which he described, had once been the inmate of her own bosom. The same fatality seemed to have aroused all the energies of mutual love, and spread a dreadful ruin round them both.

After much painful reflection—and foreseeing how impossible it would be to

evade the advances of a man, so daringly open in the indulgence of his passion, although so respectful in its declaration—she thought it would be best to reply to the billets she had received, in the hope, that her arguments, and entreaty, might prevail upon Augustus to relieve her from the pangs of acting wrong, in addition to the burden of her thoughts---alas! too painful and reproachful—This was her reply :

" To what purpose, Mr. Dormer, do you thus persecute me?—I ought not—will not—suffer it.

" Admitting your passion to be such as you describe ; are there not obstacles—so stupendous—to impede its progress ; that the head grows giddy in their contemplation ?

" Do not believe me so vile as to dis-

honour my husband—nor compel me to suppose you capable of injuring your benefactor. We are both bound by ties, so sacred; nothing but infamy can burst them asunder. And, as after what has passed, we cannot meet as will become us; let me *implore* you to leave the hall; and thereby deserve as much from my gratitude, as you already possess in my esteem."

Eliza, presumptously satisfied with this sentimental effusion, and relying upon its efficacy, sought an opportunity to deliver the paper to Dormer — he received it with reverence, and having pressed an ardent kiss on the seal, retired to peruse it.

" *Io triumphans !*" exclaimed the enraptured monster — as his eyes eagerly traced the unsteady lines.—" A trembling

" hand, and still more trembling heart,
" have framed this precious *morceau*—I will
" devour it with kisses, as the prelude to
" unutterable joys —A married woman
" never betrays herself into a correspon-
" dence with a lover, till her heart assures
" her, he is essential to its peace."

With this conviction, he assumed a melancholy air; excused himself, for some days, from his accustomed attendance at the piano; and was rewarded by perceiving the venom, he had administered, began sensibly to infuse every vein of his unhappy victim.

As the wary General, by a well concerted retreat, leaves the besieged confident in their safety he withdrew his attack, and employed the intermediate time in undermining the fortress.

At length, subtlety having performed its part, it became necessary to disturb the visionary repose into which he had lulled the confiding Eliza. He wrote the following billet — and stealing opportunely to her dressing room—placed it between the leaves of Pope's Homer, which he found laying on the table.

" All that man can do to prove his reverence and obedience to a despotic monarch, I have done. But alas! the effort cannot be sustained with life. Eliza!— I have shunned your society — borne your reproaches without a murmur.—I pass my days in masking my feelings.—my nights in a free indulgence of my woes.—Yet you are calm—every action displays the peaceful serenity of your bosom—and that insensibility serves to increase, and mock, my agonies.

" I feel my duties to the best of uncle's ;

I respect your gratitude to the most indulgent of husband's; but—I cannot fail to observe the difference of your years—I revere your virtue; yet adore your beauty. —I would not trample on the moral duties of society, even, if the road led to your affections—still, I aspire to possess them—because I will never cease to deserve them.

" Reserve your person, all lovely as it is, for him whom you are bound to respect—but do not steal from nature its inherent rights—the priviledge of uniting two faithful hearts in one—the chaste intercourse of soul with soul—the pure joy of reciprocal affection—divested of the stormy wishes that rage in common minds.

" This is all I ask—from your Justice ask it—and when I forget these sacred laws which dictate all my actions towards you—then spurn me—as I shall deserve."

REPLY

"Force me not, Mr. Dormer, to regret my having known you. I am, as you describe, at peace with myself; and deserve to be so. Inclination, as much as duty, influences my conduct towards my husband; and if there are joys of a more exalted nature than those which I experience, I am content that others should partake them—my happiness is sufficiently perfect.

"I did not expect you would have dared to write again. Why do you attack the repose I cherish? Be satisfied with the errors you have already committed—otherwise, I must appeal to my natural protector to guard his own rights."

It will not be necessary to pursue the various stratagems employed by Dormer

to force his letters on Mrs. Mansel.—They were managed with a boldness of design, she was altogether unequal to contend with; and while he thus, unceasingly, worked on the ruin of *his aunt*—he was loaded with encomiums from *his uncle*—who considered him a pattern of every moral excellence.

Mrs. Mansel's wishes, however, dictated by her evident fears, became so importunate, that he appeared to yield to them—this was his language:

"Coldness is now succeeded by disdain; You, at first, made me unhappy—you, now, make me desperate.

"Do you know whither despair may transport me! No: and what, then, will remorse avail? Love me, and all your chimerical fears will vanish; your vir-

tue even will be more exemplary—your character more exalted—for that woman, alone, is virtuous, whose passions are controuled by duty and reason. I write to you on my knees; give me a meeting in the Summer house, at six this evening; and whatever you may determine, on an impartial hearing, I solemnly swear I will religiously obey."

REPLY.

"I cannot consent to the interview you request; but still insist on the necessity of prompt and decisive measures. The result of all your sophistry, too clearly proves, that I must either sacrifice myself, my husband, or you.

"I have no hesitation as to the object: and you have a thousand times told me, you

would not buy your own happiness at the expense of my tears: but let us not talk of happiness—I have much on another subject to say.

" In return, I address *you* on *my* knees. —oh, Dormer!—I am terrified at my own thoughts—I tremble when I think on you —more so, when I think on myself.

" For both our sakes, therefore, let this degrading confession suffice—Assailed by shame—torn by remorse—what, cruel as you are, would you desire more?—My best resolutions avail me nothing—I have lost all confidence in myself.

" Such, Dormer, is the woman whom you love! look on me, a supplicant at your feet. Restore me to innocence—give me back my peace.—But for you, I never could have been thus humbled.

Leave me——in the name of pity—Leave me!"

DORMER'S ANSWER.

"I have perused your letter—my blood is frozen in my veins—farewell—for ever!"

The same evening, Dormer told his uncle he should leave the hall in the morning; that a letter from his brother pressed his return to town immediately.

Mr. Mansel heard this resolution with a great deal of pain; and Eliza turned, alternately, pale and crimson, betraying immoderate confusion.

He took leave at night, saying he should ride to breakfast at Newport Pagnel, and then take a chaise to town.

As he was retiring Mrs. Mansel advanced, and having added her regrets to those of her husband, at his sudden departure, begged he would allow her to lighten the expense of travelling.

She presented him with a check for five hundred guineas.

Any other man, than Mr. Mansel, would have felt ten thousand pangs from the embarrassed manner in which Mrs. Mansel executed his wishes; but the old gentleman's eyes were fixed on his nephew, whose air betrayed no confusion; and he felicitated himself upon the cordiality that existed between two objects, so *deservedly* dear to him.

Mr. Dormer left the hall next morning; but not the neighbourhood; his trusty Simpson, was, in disguise, hovering about; and our hero ready to take advantage of

a favourable moment. Mrs. Mansel had, latterly in particular, so evaded all occasions to be alone with Dormer, that she confined herself at home—He now judged, naturally enough, that she would embrace the freedom he had given her.

On the second evening his expectations were fulfilled; he saw her, with a dejected air, and pensive step, traversing the serpentine walk that led round the shrubbery: from the opposite side of the quick-set hedge he followed; hoping she might enter a small pavilion, that stood upon a mount, a little higher up.

With a bounding heart, he saw Eliza wind the eminence, and enter the temple—he passed on; and by means of a pole he carried for the purpose, sprang across the fence into the grounds.

On tiptoe he ascended; and, from a

side casement in the pavilion, beheld Eliza, pensively reclining her cheek upon her hand, the fair emblem of despondency. Heavy sighs, at intervals, interrupted the silence of the scene; and she relapsed again into the supiness of melancholy.

His feelings could no longer bear restraint; as he turned the lock of the door, he prefaced the intrusion by—"*Eliza*" in a tone and manner he had been accustomed to find irresistible.—Notwithstanding this precaution, his unexpected presence filled Eliza with terror—which she expressed by a loud scream.

Their distance, however, from the house, and his confidence in the dexterity of Simpson to keep any one from approaching the sanctuary he was about to consecrate to love—removed all his apprehensions: He fell at her feet—beseeching

her to be composed—to listen to his justification.

Eliza could ill repel the bold adventurer—her heart was softened by the tenderness of her previous reflections, which she ventured to indulge, supposing all danger far removed. His compliance with her last request, had considerably raised him in her esteem—and love did not fail to take advantage of the confession, and mould his victim to his purpose. She was unable to withdraw the hand Augustus pressed, and almost devoured with kisses—her feelings had perfectly silenced the voice of discretion—when a flood of tears, at once recalled her senses, and assuaged her agonised bosom.

Starting from her seat—she commanded Dormer to depart—and, as she spoke, indignation flushed every feature of her

lovely countenance—but Dormer, fastening on her robe, implored her to resume her seat.

" Never will I submit to be thus freely " treated: Mr. Dormer! unless you in- " stantly retire—I will alarm my ser- " vants."

" For heaven's sake," replied Dormer, " do not, by any premature decision, mar " your own reputation. Who, my beloved " Eliza, would believe this meeting acci- " dental? The arrival of your servants " would be followed by your certain ruin— " the busy and malignant world would ea- " gerly torture every circumstance into " guilt—the disparity of years, between my " uncle and yourself, would be an incon- " trovertible evidence against you— you " would be condemned without a dissent- " ing voice."

" Oh, Dormer," replied the now terrified Eliza—" to what a dreadful precipice " have you led me? but I will not revile " you—I am, alone, to blame—my own " guilty heart, even at this moment, " pleads for you more powerfully than you " do yourself—but tell me, do you desire " my death?—would it please you to " mourn over my bier, or to exclaim—in " the fullness of triumph—*This was my* " *work!*

" Nay, do not start—I would not—" could not—survive my dishonour; but " let me hope an happier lot, and owe the " change to your generosity—suffer me, in " solitude, to remember you, while the " gaities of the metropolis will offer new " objects to your contemplation, and " soon restore you to reason—forget me " Dormer—I beseech you to forget me."

" Forget you! Eliza! oh that I had " the power—but it is impossible—I muse " over my fate, till my bewildered senses " lead me I know not whither—I am like " unto a man lost in a labyrinth, who " runs about—from side to side—but can " discern no clue for his escape: there is " a strange and dreadful tumult in my " breast: at times I think—but of what " use is thought?—there must—there must " —be a sudden change: I have moments " when I could grasp, within my desperate " arms, this boundless globe—look with- " out horror, on the mighty ruin; while, " with ferocity uncurbed—deliberate— " unrelenting—I crush, into atoms, all " that hath life and feeling."

The wildness of Dormer's eyes as he uttered this rhapsody—his frenzied manner—and the violent pressure with which he held her hand—threw Eliza into a

state of inconceivable terror—She essayed in vain to escape from him—her struggles only urged him to make her bonds more lasting---he folded her waist---exclaiming, in a softened tone,----

" Stay, my Eliza, yet a little minute, " stay—How chearful is the air I breathe " embalmed by your presence; my heart " throbs with delightful emotions; but " so tempered with respect, that virtue " need not be alarmed. I ask your pity, " not your love—oh, bless me—bless " me."

The agitations of Eliza were now become so tumultuous, her head turned round; while Dormer, improving the opportunity, led her—half entranced—to the couch she had so lately quitted, and robbed innocence of its best support.

Awakened to reflection, remorse began to occupy the bosom of the poor Eliza: She wept, raved, sobbed with agony; but Dormer—employing all the aids of love, and every tender artifice, to reconcile contending passions —— gradually succeeded in his object; till every apprehension vanished; and Eliza, once more, sank into the intoxicating oblivion of the guilty couch.

Arising, she hid her lovely face, crimsoned with blushes, in the perfidous bosom of her infamous seducer; and in murmuring accents, which bespoke the delicious tremulation of her heart, besought Dormer to pity, and to leave her: but the arch fiend, preying on the sensibilities of her nature, thus newly initiated into the blissful mysteries of all subduing love, rapturously snatched, with glowing lips, the pearly moisture which bedewed her

cheek. She smiled amid her tears—while her eyes, sparkling in their liquid orbs, resembled the resplendent sun darting a stolen glance through the mist of a light April shower.

Seduced by her own heart, and confiding in the sophistry of her lover; Eliza, now, eagerly repeated her visits to the mount.—During this intercourse—Dormer had satisfied her, that their offence was merely venial—that his uncle had married her with no other view, but that of making her happy—that it was, at most, the simple act of borrowing a jewel from an unused casket—which replaced, in proper time, lost none of its lustre to the right-owner.

Our hero then bound himself, under every solemn tie, to marry her at his uncle's death—and when she, trembling

and confused, whispered that she was with child—he blessed the happy omen: while he secretly derived new resources from the event, to impose on the credulity of his uncle; and by affecting disinterestedness, to establish a still higher claim on the good old gentleman's generosity.

The fate of the unborn infant was, however, predetermined.

In this way, some months elapsed, and with the returning *fashionable* winter, Dormer repaired to Town; leaving Eliza, confident in his honour; and so devoted to him, that life had no charm unembellished by his presence.

Leaving Eliza to the contemplation of her new prospects, we return to the Manly family.

Their Cottage was now rebuilt, and the remnant of the money they had laid by for contingencies was expended, to the last farthing, in furnishing their new dwelling. Laura was again a happy and contented creature; for the conduct of Dormer had afforded her ample arguments to repel the claims of love; and her heart, thoroughly satisfied with the unworthiness of her lover, soon began to resume its wonted serenity. She had given her parents an outline of her adventure; but such was their confidence in the rectitude of her conduct and principles, they never urged her to a confidence she appeared so averse to perfect. In the mean time, packets arrived from India; but as they chiefly tended to detail the brilliant victories of the East,—so well known by every Briton—we should not add one laurel to the consummate genius of the noble Lord who planned this stupendous

conquest; or, to the inimitable address, courage, and perseverance, with which the commander in chief, his officers, and men, executed the vast commission, by glancing at an object which has immortalized their names: yet, as there were passages in those letters descriptive of the customs of the East, we shall partially recount them.

"Nothing can exceed the magnificence "of the mausoleums of the native princes "and great men: and by way of giving "you an idea of the expense and grandeur "with which these tombs are constructed, "I shall relate the recent destruction "and plunder of the tomb of Houssain, "the son of Ali, situated at *Imaum*, near "*Kerbellah*, under the *Bachalic* of *Bag-*"*dat*.

"This sumptuous monument was built "by the first Sultaun of the race of

" *Borides,* and has been visited, with " great devotion, by the Persians. It is " called, by some, *Kunbad Faiz,* signifying " in the Persian language—' *the magni-* " *ficent Dome.*' By others—*Mished Hous-* " *sain,* or the sepulchre of *Houssain the* " *Martyr.*

" An aspiring sect of *Wahabees,* " having raised themselves into a con- " siderable army, under the command of " *Sood,* the eldest son of *Abdul Aziz* " *Wahabee Shaik of Nagged,* in Arabia, " they became the terror of the neigh- " bouring states.

" These, amounting in force to between " six and seven thousand camels—each " camel carrying two musqueteers—and a " body of 500 horsemen, surrounded the " town of *Imaum,* in the month of April " last.

" Having pitched their tents, they divi-
" ded their army: and making their
" attacks on different quarters of the city,
" at the same moment, it soon became a
" prey to the Invaders.—The inhabi-
" tants sought their safety in a precipitate
" flight—but all who were overtaken by
" the *Wahabees*, in their progress, were
" inhumanly butchered on the spot.

" On reaching the outward wall of the
" court before the sacred tomb, they
" found the gates closed; and being unable
" to force them, they possessed themselves
" of a house adjoining the outer walls,
" through which they made a hole, pro-
" ceeding to the area, and thence to the
" tomb itself; where, having put to death
" thirty or forty persons, they began to
" demolish the railing of the sepulchre.

" Figure to yourself, a railing made of

" the purest watered steel, inlaid with gold,
" and embellished with a profusion of gems:
" it was erected to prevent the too near
" approach of pilgrims to the tomb.

" The banditti, then, began to destroy
" the case of the tomb; which, according
" to tradition, occupied seven years in its
" construction.—The workmanship was
" exquisite beyond description, being
" composed of different sorts of precious
" woods profusely inlaid with jewels of
" the highest value—the pier glasses, which
" had been made in Europe, and were of
" extraordinary dimensions, together with
" the walls of *Lapis lazuli and beaten*
" *gold*, were next heaped on the general
" ruins.

" Plunder succeeded this devastation—
" they carried off two treasuries, containing
" legacies, from different Emperors and

" Kings, to the sacred tomb—together
" with many gold and silver candlesticks;
" one of which weighed 62,400 drachms
" of gold. Embroidered carpets and
" curtains followed—but the richest trea-
" sury of the whole, being higher situated
" than the others, escaped their ravage.

" The gates, which were covered with
" plates of gold, or silver, as well as the
" grated windows, were broken to pieces.
" The dome, constructed with gilt bricks
" a donation from the reigning king of
" Persia, was also destroyed, and the
" spoils carried away. The women, in all
" parts of the town, were stripped quite
" naked, and tortured to discover where
" treasures were to be found.

" This scene of murder and devastation
" lasted from the morning to nine in the

" evening—when the enemy evacuated,
" and returned to the desert.

" On this horrible occasion, between
" five and six, thousand dead bodies
" were left in the streets, and upwards of
" one hundred young virgins, of high
" rank, were carried off in captivity!"

On the subject of religious superstition, he says,

" Hearing that an extraordinary cere-
" mony was to take place, at a short dis-
" tance from our tents, many of us went
" to see it.

" It was an *Hindu* festival, or the
" *Iatra* of their god *Mounee*.

" We reached the village between four
" and five o'clock in the evening, and found

" several hundreds of the natives assembled
" on an extended plain; where the sound
" of trumpets, and *tom-toms*, together
" with a general display of variegated flags,
" gave an animated appearance to the
" scene.

" We proceeded through the croud to a
" Pagoda, built on an eminence, where
" the devotees were fervently offering up
" their prayers to the Deity of the day.

" Some prostrated themselves in silent
" and absorbed adoration; others, with
" frenzied look, and maniac gestures,
" scared their bodies with naked poniards.

" These ceremonies ended, they de-
" scended to the plain accompanied by
" the shouting multitude, who testified
" their satisfaction, by loud and reiterated
" acclamations.

" In the centre of this plain, a pole " near 50 feet high was erected; four " feet from the summit of which, a scaf- " folding was built, to be ascended by a " ladder. To the top of the pole, a cross " beam, 15 feet in length, was affixed on a " pivot, which turned round by means of " long ropes suspended from either extre- " mity of the beam.

" On approaching this pole, the votary " knelt down—when the Brahmin, present- " ing two hooks, about 8 inches in length " and attached to small, but strong, cords; " these engines were inserted under the " blade bones of the fanatic by one of his " friends. He then mounted a ladder " to the scaffolding, where he was sus- " pended to the cross beam, by cords from " the hooks affixed to his shoulders.

" The beam was now set in motion, and

" in this ærial, and certainly excruciating,
" situation, he paid his *Salaams* to the
" Deity, to whom he prayed for the ac-
" complishment of some particular de-
" sire.

" His prayers ended, he was taken
" down; the hooks were removed; the
" wounds rubbed over with hot ashes, and
" forcibly pressed down by a man's foot.

" This shameful imposition of priest-
" craft, was borne by the mistaken zealot
" with uncommon fortitude; although his
" features bore ample testimony of the
" torture he endured.

" We were told, that an elderly woman,
" a few months ago, made a vow of this
" kind; and, while suspended in the air,
" very calmly and devoutly prayed for the
" quick demise of her husband—Upon

" this, the enraged multitude pelted the
" *pious* lady with eggs—but the Deity was
" propitious; for her husband *actually*
" died soon after.

" This ceremony is also observed by
" many who have forfeited their *Cast*, and
" are thereby restored to their ancient
" privileges.

" Nor is the custom of self immolation
" among the *Hindus*, by any means done
" away; notwithstanding the British
" government have used every justifiable
" means to prevent its consummation.

" The late regent of *Tanjore*, *Ameer*
" *Jung*, died lately at his palace—the mo-
" ment the event was certain, two of his
" wives adorned with their jewels and
" richest ornaments, entered the room,

" and announced their intention to as-
" cend the funeral pile.

" The younger of these females was
" about twenty-two years of age, and
" without children; the other, about
" twenty-six, having a daughter nearly
" four years old.

" The parents and relatives of the
" parties were present—but their most
" earnest entreaties could not avert pur-
" poses so horrible.

" The British resident being informed
" of this circumstance, and not being
" able to be personally present at the court
" of *Tanjore*, sent his *Hircarrah* with
" orders to use every effort, short of abso-
" lute force, to restrain this horrid sacri-
" fice; but the ladies laughed at the me-
" naces of this officer; and the youngest

" pointing to her father, who had actually
" thrown himself at her feet in an agony
" of despair, asked the *Hircarrah*, whether
" he supposed any thing could alter her
" resolution, when the affliction of her
" parent failed.

" Upon this, the *Hircarrah* insisted
" that the late regent would have opposed
" the act, had he been aware of their in-
" tention; but they replied, they had
" formed their resolution a year before,
" and communicated it to him; who, after
" many ineffectual attempts to dissuade
" them, had consented to the sacrifice.

" The *Hircarrah*, however, resolved to
" protract the performance of these obse-
" quies till the arrival of the resident—
" but the ladies, suspecting his motives,
" sent for him, and told him they were re-
" solved to kill themselves before him, if

" he made any opposition to the setting
" out of the procession—their relatives
" now gave up the point—and joined in
" asserting, that they had a right to be in-
" dulged—as every argument failed—and
" that they must not be restrained.

" The procession commenced. On their
" arrival at the pile; the younger, who
" was the regular wife, ascended it, and
" was consumed with the dead body of
" her husband—the fate of the other,
" who was not entitled to this distinction,
" appeared less dreadful.

" A few yards from the pile, was a pit,
" eight feet deep and six in diameter; it
" was filled with combustible matter and
" set on fire—the elder, unsupported,
" walking thrice round the flaming pit,
" and having made an obeisance to the

" pile, threw herself into the burning
" grave, and was no more heard or seen.

" There are *palliatives*, however, ac-
" cording to the *Hindu* law, by which
" a woman may survive her husband with
" honor. These consist, in the practice
" of certain austerities during the re-
" mainder of their lives; the principal of
" which, is continence, and a total disuse
" of the beetle nut. They are also for-
" bidden to ornament their persons—
" to exceed one meal a day——to sleep
" on a bed, would be to withdraw their
" husbands from the regionsof joy.

" They must not use perfumes; but
" make daily offerings for their husbands
" with grass and water—In certain months
" certain fasts and oblations are to be
" observed—but above all, they are to

" keep their *tongues*, and other organs,
" in perfect subjection; and never to pro-
" nounce the name of any other man than
" their deceased husband—to THE END OF
" LIFE.

" Such are the privations under which
" a widow conditions for a prolonged
" existence—an alternative frequently pre-
" sented to a woman in the prime of youth
" and beauty, who will usually prefer in-
" stant death to be entombed alive—and
" hence it is, that this act of nuptial
" martyrdom is mostly performed with a
" magnanimity—not perhaps to be paral-
" leled, by the brightest achievements of
" military glory."

The nuptials of a Rajah's daughter, are thus described:

" Lately, at Seringapatam, the daughter

" of the *Coorga Rajah* was married to the " *Joonda Rajah*; a prince about thirty " years of age; lively, pleasant, and well " informed.

" The bride is said to possess every " superior accomplishment; and nature " has given her a fine animated counte- " nance, with a most delicate form.

" In every direction, the roads, for " several coss, were illuminated on either " side, and ornamented with curious and " costly devices.

" On the arrival of the British officers " at the palace—invited to this splendid " ceremony—they were saluted with " twenty-one guns; and ushered into the " presence, preceded by dancing girls and " bands of music.

" For the space of seven days these " rejoicings were unremitted; the festivity " of each was varied in form and splen- " dour—displaying every thing that in- " vention, or luxury, could suggest.

" On one occasion, we attended a grand " hunt; when 18 Elks, 14 wild Buffaloes, " 13 spotted Tygers, 2 Elephants, and 32 " wild Boars, were slain. The heads of " all these animals were laid, in triumph, " at the feet of the lovely bride, who has " scarcely attained her fifteenth year.

" At the conclusion of the seven days " ceremony; or, as I may aptly call it, " seven days wonder—the Rajah, who " had been particularly attentive to his " guests, expressed himself highly de- " lighted with the favour done him by " the British officers: and they separated, " mutually pleased with each other."

On the romantic state of the country the following anecdote is introduced.

" *Luck-luck-kee-Puharee,* is a rough " wild mountain about fifty miles from " *Jeypoor*; and is so called, from an inte- " resting event that took place there many " years ago.

" At the foot of this mountain, lived " a young, beautiful, and artless, rustic " maiden, of that tribe of semibarbarians, " called *Meena.*

" *Luck-luck-kee-Puharee,* having seen " her by chance, was instantly smitten; " and his passion was soon returned with " equal warmth.

" It happened, that the father of this " girl had already betrothed her to a " young *Meena* farmer: but pressed by " the urgent entreaties of *Luck-luck-kee-*

" *Puharee*—and convinced that his " daughter would gladly approve his breach " of faith—he decreed, that the maiden " should be stationed on the summit of " the mountain, and be the wife of him " who should first ascend the steep, and " claim her as his bride.

" *Luck-luc-kee-Puharee* flew with a " lover's speed; but just as he approached " the summit, his foot slipped, and he fell " headlong to the bottom.

" The lovely *Meena*, who beheld this " cruel scene, instantly threw herself from " the eminence, and rolled down to her " lover at the bottom; when both expired: " they were buried in one grave on the " summit of the mountain."

He concludes with a present to his sister.

" Tell Laura, I have very carefully
" preserved a part of Cleopatra's needle
" for her, which I brought with me from
" Egypt: and as she will naturally betray
" a curiosity to know the fashionable
" needles of those days—pray inform her
" that the needles, named after that fa-
" mous Queen, are two enormous columns
" of granite; eight feet square at the base,
" and seventy two feet long: of one entire
" spar—the base of these gigantic obelisks,
" was buried in the ruins more than six
" feet deep; in digging many parts were
" chipped; one of which, as a great curi-
" osity, I possess.

" The four sides of the columns are
" covered, from top to bottom, with hier-
" oglyphics which no one has been able
" to decypher; nor is it known how, or
" when these pillars were erected; but it
" is supposed that they, as well as Pom-

" pey's pillar, which is also of a single
" granite and upwards of 100 feet high—
" were hewn out of the mountains in the
" sandy desert. How such vast bodies
" could be conducted from thence to
" Alexandria is beyond all conjecture!

" The pedestal and capital of Pompey's
" pillar, are of the Corinthian order,
" without any entablature, freize, or cor-
" nice—but the capital of vine leaves is
" entire: Time has made very little im-
" pression upon this majestic monument
" of antiquity.

" So much for my travels—Now listen
" to a discovery. Among *Scindeah's* officer
" —whom we have frequently entertained
" since the treaty—I have found several
" with whom my name was familiar.
" On enquiry, I found that a Mr. Manly
" had entered the service of that Prince

" about thirty years ago, and had risen to
" high command and distinction; but, on
" the rupture with the English, he pre-
" ferred the resignation of his honours to
" fighting against his country: he accord-
" ingly procured leave to retire, and was
" escorted, by a guard of honour, to the
" British lines, in his way to Calcutta. I
" have since made very particular enquiries,
" by means of a friend at that presidency,
" and find, that our namesake embarked
" in the first fleet that sailed for England
" after his arrival. It is now near four
" years since he quitted India.

" Never having heard you speak of
" such a relation, and the name not being
" common; I am at a loss to conjecture
" who this soldier of fortune could be.
" He was, I find, more remarkable for
" his bravery, than his conciliating dis-
" position.

The latter paragraph was quite a mystery to Mr. Manly—none of his family had ever gone abroad, except his son—he puzzled himself in vain.—At last it struck him, that as the gentlemen, who retire from India, usually continue the magnificence and splendor to which they have been accustomed abroad; to write to Mr. Traffic, requesting he would make enquiries, among the *Nabobs* of Portland-place and Harley-street, for General Manly.

This intelligence was, however, suspended by a misfortune that involved all meaner considerations in a state of oblivion.

Mr. Traffic was declared a bankrupt!

This heart-rending news was softened with assurances, that his business would only suffer a temporary suspension, in con-

sequence of some heavy losses at sea—still, it was a blow, calculated to subvert the remaining philosophy of this devoted family; who, notwithstanding, rose in greatness of mind, as calamities increased upon them.

The farm now was considered too great an undertaking to be pursued—it was therefore advertised, and a tenant offering, the whole was transferred; which, with good will, utensils, &c. produced Mr. Manly a sum of £250.

With this trifle, they bought a small cottage, and leased a slip of land, at a short distance from Teignmouth; proposing to make butter, and raise eggs and poultry for the neighbouring market.

Laura, with smiles of cheerfulness, accommodated herself to this further degra-

dation from their former affluence; and the magnanimity of this virtuous family bade defiance to the storms of fate.

The object of most regret to them, was their distance from the good curate, with whose family they had cultivated a most intimate and lasting friendship: but it was useless to repine—they took an affectionate leave—and soon after their arrival at the new cottage, they began their new pursuits.

Laura's duties were now transferred to the poultry-yard; but the business of the day completed, she often recreated her leisure hours with her pencil; and her muse, among other subjects, thus expressed her cheerful feelings.

HOME.

The bandit, whom the laws pursue,
The soldier, and the gipsy crew,
Arabs, and Tartars—ever doom'd to roam—
Whate'er their place of shelter be,
A tent, a cave, or hollow tree,
Thither, they hie with joy—and call it HOME.

There, if a fav'rite, or a wife,
Receive the wretch escap'd from strife;
If there, his tattered brood around him cling;
His features catch a bright'ning smile,
He rests him from his vagrant toil,
And, in his narrow confines, stalks a king.

While thus, the poor or wretched, find
Asylum for a wounded mind;
Distemper'd men there are—estrang'd from home—
Cold to an angel's kind embrace,
Cheerless, among a blooming race,
And *dead* to comfort in a princely dome.

Men, in the lap of fortune, nurs'd,
With all her froward humours curst,
And teas'd by wishes ever on the wing;
Who, wandering still thro' FOLLY's maze,
In search of bliss consume their days,
Nor taste her genuine draught at Nature's spring.

Such are the men who lead the gay!
The Pride—The Pattern—of the day!
Whose high-born friendship fools and madmen boast:
Blush then—to court such barren fame;
Let HOME, sweet HOME—thy presence claim,
And *those* enjoy thy smiles who love *thee* most!

Every Saturday, old Dobbin was laden with his panniers; and *Goody* Manly took her provisions to market, or rather to a shop in town, which she regularly supplied.

It happened—one evening—when her mother was thus employed, and her father absent in the field; that Laura espied a crowd coming up the lane that almost

fronted their cottage: and as the persons advanced, she perceived they supported a gentleman in their arms, to all appearance, dead.

Terrified at the sight—she became riveted to the spot—but finding they crossed from the road towards the cottage, humanity soon became the only sentiment of which she was susceptible, and she hastened to offer the stranger every assistance in her power.

There was no spare bed in the house; but those, in use, were of a superior order; and Laura made no difficulty in directing the people to carry the stranger into her own chamber.

He was an elderly gentleman of a remarkably dark complexion attended by two servants; one, an Indian, whose unaffect-

ed distress bespoke a sincere attachment; and the other, a footman who had been riding post; his powder horn was slung across his shoulder; and his horse was led by one of the attendant rustics.

Having reposed their master—who continued in a fainting fit—the valet entreated to know where a surgeon might be procured; and the other servant immediately set off, full gallop, to bring a very skilful practitioner from Teignmouth.

In the mean time, efforts to that effect being used by Martha and Laura, the stranger opened his eyes, faintly exclaiming —" Where am I, William ?"

William implored his master to be composed.

" Surely,"—he repeated,—" My fleet-

" ing soul hath left its earthly abode, and
" I am transferred to Mahommed's para-
" dise.——Thou, beauteous Houri"—look-
ing full at Laura—" art the messenger of
" welcome hither !"

" Alas, good Madam," William added,
" My master raves ; the fever has mounted
" to his brain : indeed, I fear he is very
" dangerously bruised."

It appeared that the axle of the chaise had suddenly snapped, as they were driving furiously along the cross road ; by which accident, the body of the carriage fell to the ground with a terrible concussion. William, who was in the carriage, fell uppermost, and was slightly hurt ; but his master's ribs were perfectly driven into his side.

The stranger stared with a frantic sort

of curiosity around the room—his eyes were large, black, and penetrating,—but a scowling brow gave a degree of horror to the wildness of his looks.

Before Mr. Manly's return the surgeon had arrived; who immediately bled the stranger, declaring, at the same time, that four of his ribs were broken; and, that he could not be moved, except at the hazard of his life.

Mr. Manly, at this moment, entered the house, and readily consented to give every accomodation, in his power, to the unfortunate gentleman: while Laura, as cheerfully, agreed to share Martha's bed—but judge the astonishment of the whole party, when the stranger—who had been much restored by a cordial—darting a terrific glance at his host, shrieked with in-

conceivable agony—"MY BROTHER"—and fainted away.

These mysterious words operated like an electric shock upon the frame of Mr. Manly: and the surgeon, aware that some painful secret lurked within the discovery just made, begged that his patient might be left alone, as he could not answer for the consequences, of violent emotions, in his present state of health. Mr. Manly retired to ponder on the dispensations of Providence, and to bless the hour which had enabled him to repay *evil* with *good*.

"Come hither, Laura,"—said the "worthy man.—Behold, my love! the rich "reward with which heaven hath com- "pensated our late misfortunes. The "stranger who now shares all the hospita- "lity of our humble roof—whose life hath, "perhaps, been saved by our humanity—is

" your uncle !—That uncle, my child, who
" unmercifully drove us to ruin—who
" cherishing the ill-founded hatred of his
" early youth—by stratagem most foul—
" hath reduced all his family to beggary.

" You will remember how often you
" have wondered, that two brother's should
" be at law, and at open enmity: but
" although I have hitherto foreborne to
" explain that subject to you ; the moment
" is now arrived to make the elucidation
" necessary.

" Know then, that my elder brother,
" had by imprudent connections, and an
" uncontrolable disposition, so repeatedly
" and so variously raised the anger of my
" father, that he at last refused to honour
" his drafts, and threatened to disinherit
" him unless he changed his mode of
" life.

" Inflamed, rather than corrected, by " this determination of my father's—he " continued to act in open defiance of all " parental authority—but his birth gave " him unlimited credit at Oxford, where " he was then a student: his debts, however, " having grown into an enormous sum, " and being rendered desperate by circum- " stances, he forged my father's name to " a check for two thousand pounds, which " he readily cashed with one of his trades- " men.

" When the forgery was detected, my " father, in his wrath, swore the law " should take its course; but, as I was " doing my utmost to soften the severity " of this sentence, news was brought us " of my brother's death.

" This unexpected event silenced all " upbraiding—the body was, as we

" thought, brought down to our family seat
" and interred with every suitable pomp:
" the check was paid—and all opprobrium
" seemed buried in the grave with my de-
" luded brother.

" I now became the heir apparent;
" and my father, not calculating on the
" possibility of having another son to dis-
" pute my claim, made his will accordingly.

" The fatal law-suit was instituted, how-
" ever, by the resurrection of this very
" son!—who, either terrified at the for-
" gery he had committed, or otherwise
" dreading the effects of my father's dis-
" pleasure, contrived the feigned ceremony
" of his death, and disappeared for many
" years.

" At length, he rose up in vindication
" of his birth-right — his identity was

" proved beyond a doubt.—Your grand-
" father not having *named* him in his will;
" and the estate being all landed property;
" he was declared heir to every thing,—
" to the total exclusion of your aunts and
" myself.

" Where he had been all this time; and
" how he had, since, disposed of himself,
" were equally unknown to me, as he
" never would admit an interview: but
" cherishing the hatred of his boyish days;
" founded, alone, on the partiality our
" parents shewed their more deserving chil-
" dren—he persevered in depriving us of
" the last shilling.

" This"—added Mr. Manly, rising with dignity, and embracing Laura—" This is a " noble vengeance."

When Mrs. Manly returned, her sur-

prise was not less than her husband's had been; and as the imaginations of women are usually more fertile than those of men —she instantly combined circumstances with the detail of Edward, and discovered the General Manly, he had named, in their brother.

Nothing was left undone; but the surgeon—who had called in the assistance of a second eminent professional character—saw his patient grow worse every hour: and they, at length, despaired of his recovery.

For some days, he raved incessantly on his brother—started in the short intervals of rest produced by opiates—and seemed to betray such apprehensions of encountering a second interview, that all the family, except Martha, abstained from visiting his room.

At length he was thrown into a deep sleep which lasted many hours: he appeared infinitely restored when he awoke; and a degree of composure, hitherto foreign to his manner, marked his emaciated countenance.

" William,"—he said feebly, " Is it true " that I have seen my brother?—hide no- " thing from me, my faithful friend."

William assured him that it was; and spoke in terms of the warmest gratitude, for the tender concern expressed by all the family for his recovery.

" Then I will strive to do my duty— " Kind heaven, assist me in the task!— " William—do— give me—a—glass—of " wine."

" Now—raise me—up—by another pil-

" low—so—let—my brother—be called.

When Mr. Manly entered the chamber, he affectionately approached the bed; and raising his brother's hand, to his lips, kissed it.

" Thank God, you are better my dear " brother! No retrospect—Heaven has re- " united us—we shall henceforth live as " will become brothers."

Tears rolled down the sick man's cheek at this consoling address:—he grasped the hand he held—and said—invigorated by the cordial,

" Yes—my beloved brother! we will " henceforth live unseparated---My end " approaches---I feel I cannot long enjoy " the blissful intercourse to which I have " been so long a stranger ---Pray for me—

" your virtues will be my advocate at the
" throne of mercy---alas! I have been a
" very wicked sinner.

" Be comforted," replied Mr. Manly,
" repentance never comes too late---you
" are forgiven on earth; the almighty
" father will forgive you also."

A silent address, to heaven, was the reply.---Then turning, again, he said---
" while I have strength, hear my tale---it
" will not detain us long."

He took another glass of Madeira.

" After I had so basely forged my
" father's name---remorse---or fear of the
" consequences—made me fly from college,
" attended by a trusty friend, and the
" greater part of the money; but when I
" found my father gave me up to justice,

" I resolved to escape from the kingdom: " and my companion suggesting that I " should, infallibly, be cut off with a " shilling in my father's will; we devised " and executed the plan of sending a mock " funeral down to the family. Every thing " having succeeded, we lived profusely— " and without fear—on our ill-gotten " riches.

" At length, reduced almost to the last " shilling, I entered on board an India- " man; and having worked my passage " before the mast to Calcutta, I took " the first opportunity of running away " from my ship: and, after traversing " many weary miles beyond the British " territory; I procured employ from one " of Scindeah's officers—here, I experi- " enced a variety of fortune—till my da- " ring conduct, in the field, first recom- " mended me to the notice of General

" De Boigne, who promoted me to the " command of a small detachment. My " force was increased in proportion to " my successes—and at the secession of " General De Boigne, I served under " General Perron, with a command of " four battalions of foot—each 1000 " strong—500 horse—and 30 pieces of " cannon—I had a *jaghire* granted for " the payment of my troops.

" In the busy scene of warfare, which " now occupied all my thoughts; I was " weaned from every remembrance of " Europe; but when the contest broke " out between my Master and the British " Government, I instantly quitted the " service and returned to England.

" Here, all my old hatred blazed out " —and, in proportion as it had been sti- " fled, so was it now additionally inflamed.

" I burnt with impatience to despoil you of
" your fortune—I aroused every vengeance
" in the law—I shunned you—no over-
" ture—no compromise—no palliative—
" would satisfy me—I resolved to crush
" you, and to glory in your ruin."

" Impelled by these base sentiments, I
" had no rest till my will was accomplished
" —but how have I enjoyed this accumu-
" lation of treasure? *You* have pursued me
" in all my researches after happiness—
" my restless spirit flew from place to
" place—but, no where found repose.
" The disease travelled with me—alas!
" *a guilty conscience finds refuge no where.*

" I must be concise—my strength fails
" me—I had now recourse to a remedy,
" unknown in the materia medica, to cure
" my heart-ache. I made my will—by
" which, barring restitution and interest

" to my sisters; and an annuity of £200
" per annum to William, who has been
" my faithful attendant many years—not
" only your former fortune returns to you,
" but an additional two hundred thousand
" pounds, the fruits of my Indian expedi-
" tion. In the mean time, I was actually
" on my way to town in search of you—
" proposing, to divide my fortune with you,
" and to entreat your forgiveness.

" Providence has, however, otherwise
" fulfilled my wishes—we meet—to part—
" but, oh, my brother! what a weight is
" taken from the painful load that oppres-
" sed my feelings! let me embrace
" you——I will now repose, for half an
" hour, and then ask to see your family."

The latter hope remained unaccomplished!—This temporary calm was succeeded by a raging fever; his constitution,

shaken by a long residence in the scorching plains of India—and still more torn by the workings of a guilty conscience since his return to Europe—proved too weak to combat with disease: he was perfectly insensible for several days, and, at length, expired in his brother's arms.

If this event did not occasion any violence of grief to the family, yet it produced a solemn pause.—Death is an awful contemplation, under the happiest circumstances—it now offered a lesson on the comparative virtues and frailties of mankind, which never fail to mark our latest moments of existence.

The Manlys took leave of their cottage; which, for the present, was entrusted to the care of a poor family in the neighbourhood: they accompanied the hearse to the family seat, where the funeral took

place, in a manner correspondent with the wealth of the deceased.

Steady, and philosophic, under the eventful changes they had lately experienced, Mr. Manly bore this restitution of his family honours, with a placid, dignified composure—his sisters were made acquainted with the circumstance, who learnt with no small degree of pleasure, that their fortunes would be restored: they, however, in decency, paid compliments of condolence to their brother; all, except Lady William, who was still abroad.

Her ladyship, at the renewal of hostilities, had precipitately left France, and retired to Vienna: where, indeed, Emily received Laura's last letter—and without being able exactly to state how she might have benefited by her cousin's advice, we shall merely say, that Sir George having

been detained a prisoner, by the *hospitable* consul, she was, at least, freed from any personal interruption to her sober resolves. Possibly, this circumstance lent much assistance to the operation in her favour—at all events—she afterwards assured Laura—that although she had really began to entertain strange vagaries about love, yet she had rattled away the sentimental folly, and was again heart-whole. He was—she said—the first wretch, and should be the last, whom she would invest with the power to chace mirth and laughter from her side—to supply their place with long-drawn sighs—fretful inquietudes—and constant fears.

It was Saturday when our hero arrived in town. His usual residence was Thomas's hotel—he dresed in the evening for the opera.

The moment Dormer appeared in the pit, he was surrounded by fashionables to welcome his return to town—the buz having gone round the house, the ladies fans were all ready to offer him the signal of invitation, as soon as their eager eyes could catch his attention.

The first box he opened was that of a countess, lately come to the title; who, with her three grown up daughters, whom she really rivalled in beauty and attraction, had obtained the appellation of *the four graces.*

" Dear Mr. Dormer" she exclaimed, offering her hand, " how very glad I am " to see you! where have you hid yourself " this age?—we have missed you so, in " all our parties, you have no notion; " but oh, law! what do you think? why, " that nonsensical old fool—the Duke of

" Kingsbrow is at his last prayers—
" milk baths will no longer save him—cor-
" dial balms cannot add one other day to
" his existence—he is on the full gallop to
" eternity: the Duchess will now have
" the privilege—at two and twenty—of
" doing just as she pleases: with rank,
" beauty, and riches, that will make her
" the envy of all her acquaintance——If
" I were her—I never would marry again.

" Indeed," replied Dormer, " it will
" be a most happy change for her Grace.
" Her punishment has been nearly equally
" severe with that formerly inflicted on
" vestals when they loosed the virgin zone:
" and, yet, her Grace's life has been most
" exemplary. — Scandal, *even*, has never
" dared to prophane her virtues."

" And who, for God's sake, Dormer!
" would not be virtuous with such a reward

" in view ? Ever since last spring—when
" she was prevailed upon, by her sordid
" parents, to suffer martyrdom in the
" arms of a living ghost—has she not
" been, daily, looking forward to all the
" enchanting et cætera's which will follow
" her husband's death ?—Oh, how divine
" she will look in weeds !—I envy her—
" and that's poz !"

" The weeds—perhaps—your Ladyship
" in other respects, will ever be *her* envy."

" Oh, you monster—dont talk to me of
" weeds—look at these girls ; and then
" tell me if you *suppose* it possible I could
" ever *think* of marrying again, even if
" I were a widow."

" I will not answer for *you*,"—replied Dormer,—" but I will for *myself*, by as-
" suring you, I should take infinite pains

" to persuade your Ladyship that a wed
" ding suit would best become your charms:
" and, this I should plead *most interes-*
" *tedly*."

The countess endeavoured to blush—but being unable to call up the emotion.—She actually put her fan to her face; and afterwards, with an infantive sort of embarassment, chid her flatterer's impertinence.

" *His Grace is really dead*,"—now flew from box to box—The attitudes of *Parisot* were disregarded.—The *Labories*, in vain, displayed the perfection of their art.—The *Deshayes* were not seen—so occupied was all the fashionable world, with this important event.

To our hero, it was, *literally*, an important event; for no sooner did he understand the position of affairs, than he resolved to

marry the Duchess. He, however, was not prevented, by the profoundness of his thoughts, from making a tour of the different circles, where every idea seemed absorbed in the death of the duke.

" I am told," said my lady Candour, " the Grand Turk was a perfect moralist " to him—far be it from me to heap aspersions on the ashes of the dead; but it is " asserted as a positive fact—that no less " than five hundred damsels, whom he " had seduced from their homes, were pensioned by him, subject, now and then " to a *spectulative* visit; for whatever his " *precepts*, his *practice*, for many years, is " said to have been altogether platonic."

This sally was followed by an universal simper in the box—and many were the attempted witticisms, at the expence of a man whose life had been one continued scene

of derogation from the dignity of his rank in society. His title—his ribband—his fortune—were converted into snares to lure unwary innocence, and gild the wages of infamy.

Dormer mingled with another party. Soon after the box-door opened———

" Think of the devil," exclaimed Miss Cassino, to the entering figure,—" and " you are sure to see his horns: But apro- " pos, you must be in a monstrous good " humour now, and let me coax you to " write an epitaph for the poor Duke of " Kingsbrow."

" That I am sure he will,"——replied my Lady Wormwood, ironically smiling —" He is, you know my dear, an amateur " of *Sleeping-Beauties*, and every body " admits his polished taste: exuberant fancy

" —and classical designs. As a modern,
" his genius is without competitors."

" Aye—Aye," —said a Lordling just emancipated from Eton,—" Up to a thing
" or two, dash me!—he's the Twadler,
" queer me!—Beats old Laureat hollow—
" all Bond-street to a china orange—game
" chicken to a child in arms, dash me!

But who, it will be asked, claims all this voluble attention?

Mr. Wiggins!——the gape of Bond-street—the gaze of the Park—the wonder of the Gardens—the bijou of the Toilet —the Apollo of the day!

Thus he presented himself.

His little person was cased in five short waisted vests, whose rival capes proudly

towered, in variegated stripes, above the black bristles of his *Sugden* Crop: a green coat, scarcely skirted, retreated from between his shoulders, down the back: spindle arms, swelled into importance, by the aid of fully plaited sleeves; and yellow indispensibles, with immense round buttons, closed, at the front of each knee, with ribbons of the same colour. His bow——his simper—his *abord* were, peculiarly his own; and replying to these various compliments, in the softened tones of Tenducci's affettuoso, his smile brightened the lank features of a visage, embowered with well-trained whiskers.

" Spare me—Spare me—dearest crea-
" tures, spare me!—day of adventure!—
" nerves completely lacerated!—*Ah me*
" *infelice!*"

" Now that's so monstrous rude, you

" have no idea,"—repeated Miss Cassino;
" to be *au desespoir*, when I want you *vif*
" *et badinant*—a fair cut; and that's
" poz!"

" But the tale of wonder," said Lady Wormwood,—" The mountain groans;
" produce your mouse, good Mr. Wiggins."

" Just escaped the curling irons of La-
" fonde, when Sir John Slade dashed up
" to door, in Unicorn Barouch—Dressed
" *en bottines*—mounted box with Baro-
" net, tits in high condition, took Ux-
" bridge road—scarcely off stones when
" down came a wheeler—kicked and plun-
" ged most terrifically — dragged down
" partner before assistance could be given—
" took off leader—found Gimcrack had
" been execrably shod—stepped off hind
" foot into fore shoe—two dollies of the
" back stairs, vulgarly yclep'd housemaids,

" airing in carriage. One roared; other
" fainted—compelled to return—lounged
" to Owens—took warm jelly and rasp-
" berry Ice. Engaged to dine with beau-
" tiful Lady Percival—went home to dress
" —resolved to look amiable—when——
" *hinc illæ lachryme !*——Lafonde told
" me, tears in his eyes, that Persian fa-
" vourite just kittened in new flaxen
" wig."

A scream of extatic merriment echoed throughout the box; but the Narrator continued—*unruefulised.*—

" Wore porcupine scratch—met large
" party — monstrous beautiful women :
" and now," —— smiling conceitedly,—
" for a *morceau pour la bonne bouche.*"

Every one looked impatience.

" Past seven—expecting dinner—enter " servant with small parcel"——

' Full dress for lady Percival,' read lovely hostess—' and to be delivered immedi-' ately; what can it mean?'

" Ladyship entreated to unfold.

" Envelope removed—sheet silver pa-" per—another sheet—third sheet—when " —lo !------

Mr. Wiggins paused to peruse the countenances of his auditory; but their united clamours forced him to proceed.

" When, lo ! ------contained—A FIG-LEAF ! ! !"

The ladies rapidly unfurled their fans and all looked down.

" Famous hoax," exclaimed the strip-
" ling Peer—make excellent *Birth-day*
" suit, quiz me."

" On mount Ida, perhaps;" returned Dormer laughing.

The ballet concluded, and the squeeze began; when the slowly retiring croud drove to St. James's Square.

Here, the arch Priestess of dissipation, in the person of Mrs. Cassino, holds, twice a week, her brilliant midnight orgies. Here beauty is distorted by the baneful magic of the pharoah table—here losses at cards are, *often*, paid with losses of virtue—here the once reasonable Being puts on the cap and bells of modish folly! And yet to this quicksand of attraction, the high-born mother leads her blooming daughter the first winter of her presentation: when

the youthful victim learns to barter the ingenuous glow of native modesty, for the unblushing effrontery of haut-ton; smiles of innocence, for frowns of anguish: and, metamorphoses the timid maiden into the dashing belle of tolerated profligacy!

The remains of the late *noble* Duke lay in state at Kingsbrow-house; and the funeral was conducted with the most expensive pomp—Crouds of the nobility followed the hearse; and crouds of plebeians lined the streets, to witness the solemn pageantry; insomuch, that a stranger might have mistaken the procession for a nation's tribute to departed worth: but whatever was wanting in veneration, was amply supplied by curiosity.

As soon as the prescribed forms of decorum permitted the blooming, and equally amiable, Duchess, to open her

doors to the enquiries of her numerous friends, our hero presented himself in the circle—and having summoned all his powers into action; it will not be wondered, if he soon raised an interest in the bosom of his lovely mistress.—The news of the day, now, was—that "the accom- "plished Dormer was, very shortly, to lead "the beautiful Duchess of Kingsbrow to "the Hymeneal altar"—all the papers announced it as a settled point—nor, in truth, were the parties at all disposed to contradict the report.

At this momentous passage, our history returns to Mansel-hall.

When Dormer left the disconsolate Eliza—all joy fled with him—her heart no longer cheated out of virtue, by sweetly sounding sophistry, resumed its wonted power; and acrimony followed each bane-

ful recollection of her past offences.—Still Dormer preserved his empire in her affections—she adored him even to idolatry—but the bloom of contentment faded from her cheek—a melancholy langour usurped its place—and the bitterness of remorse received new pangs from the tender and affectionate solicitude, with which her husband watched over her declining health.

Mean while—the secret was divulged—she told Mr. Mansel she was about to become a mother, and the old gentleman, in the joyful anticipation of an heir, for a time forgot her altered appearance.

The faculty attributed Mrs. Mansel's ill health to her situation; while her infatuated husband accused himself as the *author* of her present sufferings.

Upon reflection, he thought it proper to write an account to his Nephew of his family expectations, with assurances, that he would, under all circumstances, remain the faithful guardian of the trust reposed in him.

To this letter Dormer replied;

Berkeley Square.

" My dear Uncle,

" It is not easy to express our feelings, when every fibre of the heart trembles with joy—indeed, I partake your transports on this happy occasion; for I should be truly unworthy the unparalleled care and tenderness with which you have reared me, if affection and gratitude did not rise superior, in my soul, to the sordid gratifications of self interest. What alas! my dear uncle, are the frail enjoy-

ments of superabundant wealth?—as it enables us to wipe away the tear from misery's cheek—well—and, when delicacy combines with benevolence, surely the act is Godlike!—but I have enough to make me happy. Your generosity has provided for all my wants: and if I ever marry, the woman I choose, must esteem me more for my *unfashionable* regard to the moral duties of society, than for the extent of my rentroll—or, she is no wife for me.

" Pray offer my affectionate remembrances to my amiable Aunt, and beg her to accept my congratulations. If a boy—I shall hope for the pleasing task, of assisting you both, to teach " the young idea how to shoot"——to model his maturing years on the true principles of virtue and honor, and to render him the worthy heir of his so worthy parent.

" With unceasing regard, I must ever remain, my dear uncle's

Most affectionate nephew,

A. M. DORMER."

As our hero sealed this letter, he could not avoid smiling at the effect it would produce on the credulous old fool to whom it was addressed. As to the *embryo*—he had, already, more than once, relieved a lady's qualms, by a *friendly* administration of an *innocent* drug—to save *her reputation:* surely, it was but fair to do so, now, to save *his inheritance.* His courtship was merely in train—he, therefore, galloped down to the neighbourhood of the hall, attended, only, by Simpson, and during his residence, for a few days, administered the fatal draught.

This second parting was more cruel

to Eliza than the former—she hung upon the person of her adored Dormer, as he was about to leave her, with tenderness bordering on agony—a sort of presentiment invaded her lovely bosom—her last adieu was renewed without end—her embraces became, if possible, more fervent, as she repeated them : at last—he tore himself away; and Eliza, oppressed with the tumultuous exertion of her feelings; sank on the ground—almost without life.

She retired to her room, as soon as she was able to totter home—the medicine, in course of the night, began its operation—and when the wretched Eliza found herself deprived of a mother's tenderest hopes, she attributed her misfortune to the excess of grief she had suffered the preceding day. Thus, every purpose was accomplished!—Suspicion slept—Dormer triumphed—but Eliza was inconsolable!

As to Mr. Mansel, it proved, indeed, a severe disappointment to find his fondest expectations "nipped in the bud;" but he looked forward to a *renewal* of his hopes, and bestowed all his attention on his disconsolate wife.

During the slow recovery of Eliza's health, Dormer had successfully urged his suit with the blooming duchess; and a day was absolutely proposed for the celebration of their nuptials. Our hero had now a very difficult card to play—he was compelled to ask his uncle's sanction to his approaching happiness—but how prepare the artless bosom of the ill-fated Eliza to hear the dreadful news!—while, however, he debated on the most efficacious plans to be employed; fate prepared a sudden attack upon him, that baffled all his skill to parry.

Miss Aurelia Clementina Spraggs having accompanied a party of *Demireps* to Vauxhall Gardens the preceding summer—In the true spirit of frolic and conviviality, Champaigne sparkled on the board; and the ladies' mirth grew loud—it was past two in the morning, when Miss Aurelia Clementina, with another laughter-loving female, proposed a romp, unattended by their party, along the mysterious avenues of the dark walk.

A city blood, half tipsey, and in search of an adventure, encountered the ladies' whom he instantly attacked—resistance on their part was so mingled with coquetry, and so interrupted by bursts of laughter, that my gentleman felt no hesitation to proceed from one liberty to another, till they were compelled to call out for help.

At this moment, a well-dressed youth

advanced, and a severe altercation ensued which ended in a *polite* exchange of cards.

After so material a service, it was impossible to resist the *elegant* importunities of the stranger; who, restoring them to their party, begged leave to see Miss Aurelia Clementina safely home.

The acquaintance thus accidentally began, was maintained eagerly by both parties—and a little time domesticated the *gallant* youth, whose name was Lacey, under the roof of his mistress.

A happy assurance—a pretty way of saying nothing—a confident air—and tolerable person—were the attractions of Mr Lacey; but he was one of those *avanturiers* who range the metropolis without profession or income—living on the credulity of tradespeople—or depending on the

casual turn up of a die for their precarious subsistence. He was a known lounger in Bond-street—his boots were made by Hoby —his coat by Schwitzer—and the familiarity of the gaming table, gave him a sort of " how d'ye do" privilege with persons of real rank in life.

A fine girl—*unknown* on the town—who had the command of between four and five hundred pounds, was exactly the thing. An extraordinary run of good luck had enabled him, the week before, to buy a second hand curricle, and they both set off---quite in style,---to the Brighton races.---It being---as Mr. Lacey assured his dear Clementina---the most vulgar thing possible, to be seen crawling about the dusty streets of London, after the birth day: " None---but filthy mechanics"-- he added, " find nerve to support the heat

of summer, in the confinement of the smokey metropolis."

All this was wonderfully fine—They dashed away at Brighton—subscribed to all the libraries—promenaded the Steyne—attended the raffle shops—and were *monstrously* genteel in their expenses.

Mrs. Spraggs, now and then, remonstrated with her daughter on the heavy draughts made by Mr. Lacey on her strong box; but he had so well amused her with a fabricated tale, about his steward —and his estate—that she went on, dreaming away her life, in fancied security.

But, " *all that glitters is not gold.*"

Towards winter—the curricle was sold —no remittance could be procured from

the steward—his tenants were all behind hand with their rent—tradespeople became clamourous— and Miss Aurelia Clementina, who had forgotten Dormer in the whirlpool of gaiety, now, became insolently importunate about the payment of her annuity.

These claims our Hero resisted, in the politest language, with promises that they should be satisfied very shortly : but, unfortunately, his friend *Nathan Bensakeen*, the money broker from Duke's place, who had already furnished him with large sums on post obit bonds payable at his uncle's death, declined further assistance, on the plea of that uncle's marriage: nor was Miss Aurelia Clementina's demand, the only one that plagued him : his approaching nuptials, however, silenced all other claimants.

In this desperate situation, Mr. Lacey went to his accustomed haunt in St. James's-street, and an enormous heap of money was rising before him; when—just as he was about to shake the box, after throwing in nine times, in succession—his arm was arrested by a byestander; who insisted on an examination of the dice: they were accordingly split, and found to be loaded: —yet, with such dexterity, as seemed calculated to evade all possibility of detection. They were regularly stamped; but by an admirable finesse, drilled through the dots, and the ivory dust excavated by this operation, was supplied by lead, nicely introduced, and the spot reblackened: others of the same manufacture were found in the culprits pocket.

Little ceremony was used with the detected *blacklegs*: he was, first compelled to

make restitution, and then kicked down stairs.

The fame of this exploit was spread all over the town next day; and when Mr. Lacey presented himself in Bond street, he was genteely *cut* by every body. The tradespeople gaining scent of his disgrace, immediately, as is their *humane* custom, resolved to add to his distress; and before night, he was safely seated by the fire side of a sponging house in Chancery lane.

Miss Aurelia Clementina, who saw not her own ruin in this denouement to the summer's farce she had been playing—but urged by the violence of her affection towards Lacey, and her malevolence towards Dormer;—*commanded* the latter to call upon her the following morning, and that, in terms, which left him no alternative.

At this interview, Dormer softened the present vengeance of his tormentor, by a bank note for £50—and promised the remainder in a fortnight.

Meanwhile, detainers poured in upon her lover, with a rapidity that almost mocked calculation: distracted, more at his distress, than his villany, she gave a free indulgence to the violence of her temper; till she perfectly raved.

In this situation, she heard of Dormer's approaching nuptials; and instigated by every infamous propensity, she set about the completion of his ruin.

" May it please your Grace,

" Impelled, alone, by a desire to save your virtues from pollution, have presumed, thus abruptly, to address

your Grace; and will, if honored with an interview, open so barbarous a scene of villany, as will make your Grace shudder at the danger which threatens you: as your Grace values your own eternal welfare do not, I intreat, neglect the admonition of your Grace's,

respectful admirer, and

devoted humble servant,

A. C. SPRAGGS.

Durweston-street, Gloster-place.

The Duchess was extremely indignant at the receipt of this letter, which she at first attributed to the intriguing spirit of some envious dame of quality; but as she ruminated on the contents, there appeared a degree of openness, and candour in the writer, which she thought entitled her warning to some consideration; she therefore, ordered herself not to be at home

to any visitor, and desired, when Mr. Dormer called, that he should be told, she wished to see him the next morning at two o'clock—she, then, dispatched a message by her woman to Miss Spraggs, requesting to see her at a quarter before two, on the morning following.

The intermediate space was devoted to solitude; and the Duchess felt herself more deeply interested in the developement of the promised secret, the more she reflected on the note she had received. Still, it was impossible to think Dormer guilty of any crime—perhaps, some little indiscretion had been magnified into an heinous offence! —she was disturbed by her own reflections —she wished not to have been troubled on the subject.

When Dormer made his appearance next day, the Duchess, who had provided

against any interruption, received him with her accustomed affability; and after the usual ceremonies—she, smilingly, said

"We have enemies, my dear Mr. "Dormer—but be assured it is not in the "power of malice to change my senti- "ments in your favor. Pray oblige me by "reading this extraordinary letter, and tell "me, if you can guess at the motives of "the author."

He received the letter, gracefully bowing; but at the sight of the writing, a momentary suffusion flushed his cheek—recovering —on the instant—he replied

"The writer of this, is an abandoned "woman; who, when I was very young, "lured me, by no common artifices, into "a temporary folly; but I soon shook off "the degrading yoke; and have since,

" frequently, been harassed by her impor-
" tunities; although, I pledge you my ho-
" nor, it is long—very long—since I have
" seen her. I will, however, peruse what
" she says, with your Grace's leave."

It required a most intimate acquaintance with deception, and a happy talent of counteracting sudden events, to read this letter without betraying every symptom of conscious guilt: Yet Dormer's features preserved a stoic apathy—while his heart beat the most violent alarms; but fruitful at invention—and relying on his established character—he returned the note, saying,

" Your grace will, I hope, do me the
" justice to believe, that I cannot be the
" wretch described here."

" Most certainly, Mr. Dormer, and to
" prove to you how sincerely I partake

" the odium of any aspersion thrown " upon your character, I have sent for " Miss Spraggs---who now waits in an " anti-room---but I have not seen her. " Your honor demands this unequivocal " justification, and I have thought it my " duty to afford it to you."——She rang for a servant.

" Let the person waiting be called."

Presently Miss Aurelia Clementina made her appearance: her *entree* was marked by a modest embarassment—her dress was simple and unadorned—her manner altogether prepossessing.

" Pray be seated," said the Duchess--- " Mr. Dormer"---turning—" this business " relates to you—will you have the good- " ness to desire this lady's explanation?"

" That he will never do, may it please " your Grace — behold him! --- panic " struck!—Mr. Dormer," advancing— " nay! be not so much ashamed—there " should not exist any material secrets " between you, and a lady, to whom you " are, so soon, to be united!"

" This language, madam," replied the Duchess with some warmth---" is rather " more free than your appearance seemed " to predict --you will be pleased to re- " tire.

Dormer essayed to speak; but could not —his countenance underwent a variety of changes—the Duchess, who watched him, was truly alarmed—at length,

" Merciful heaven," she exclaimed, " what can all this mean?"

" That, with your Grace's leave"—replied Miss Aurelia Clementina—" I will " explain; and with the same regard to " truth, as if I were confessing at the last " moment of my existence."

She, then, began the detail from her father's death, varnishing, with a hypocritical tear, her share in her own ruin—the story of Laura Manly followed—the confederacy between his valet and himself, by which the farm was burnt to the ground, and the family plunged in deeper ruin—the young lady's subsequent residence, against her will, at the rookery—the arts employed to gain her consent to a private marriage; when, his friend in iniquity, the infamous Simpson, was to have personated the clergyman—which ceremony would have been sanctioned by a forged licence.

" This, may it please your Grace, is

" a feeble outline of this elegant villain ;—
" nor could I have reconciled it with my
" feelings—once deeply interested in his
" welfare—to have divulged this secret,
" for the mere gratification of public
" justice ; but your Grace's virtues, which
" I have heard echoed from every tongue,
" have influenced me to come forward
" and save you. I do not wish to lead
" him to that punishment his offences
" deserve—I merely aim to save your Grace
" from destruction."

Dormer would have interrupted the narrative more than once ; but an expressive glance from the Duchess forbade him.

Now, that the tale was unfolded—she begged him to explain.

" I pray your Grace," replied Dormer,
" to dismiss this wicked woman, whom

" I have," sometime, been induced to
" think insane. I will get a warrant from
" Bow-street to apprehend her; when, if
" really mad—as I firmly believe—she
" must be confined; if otherwise, I will
" make a public example of her for the
" good of the community. A wretch of
" the same description, not long ago, em-
" ployed various artifices to impose on the
" public, and even took out warrants
" against several gentlemen, whom she
" accused of robbing her in Kensington
" gardens—and they, to avoid the disgrace
" of being taken before a justice, silenced
" her with their purses—at length—one,
" more public spirited, brought her to
" trial; and the populace were so incensed,
" they would have torn the poor wretch
" to pieces coming out of court, had not
" an extra number of constables been
" employed to keep the peace—her name
" was Jane Gibbs. As to this woman—I

" really do not know the parties of whom
" she has spoken."

" And yet, Mr. Dormer,"—answered the Duchess gravely,—" *if this be madness,* " *there is much method in it.*"

" I will give your Grace," added Miss Aurelia Clementina, " the address of Mr. " Manly; and, since I have been thus " threatened and insulted, I will, imme- " diately, inform that family of all the " circumstances, and let a jury of twelve " men, at the Old Bailey, decide on the " innocence of this gentleman, as well " as the truth of my assertions—the address " shall be left with your Grace's porter. " ——Have I now, your Grace's permission " to retire ?"

" If you please.—You will hear from " me again."

She curtesied, humbly, and withdrew.

The Duchess rang the bell---and, telling Mr. Dormer she wished to be alone---desired the footman to open the door, and, in future, to let her be denied when Mr. Dormer called.

Disgraced, in this manner before the servant, Dormer lost all confidence in himself---he staggered down the stairs---mentally cursing Miss Aurelia Clementina, ---himself---and all the world!

But this was a mere prelude to his punishment. The hour of retribution was come---and heavy was the penalty to be levied!

Rumour, which had armed Miss Aurelia Clementina with weapons of vengeance, hasted on airy pinions to Mansel Hall—

and Eliza, unprepared for the shock, fainted away, the moment the news was announced.

Recovering, she called upon Dormer, and uttered other incoherences, which, for the first time, raised indefinable doubts in the mind of her husband; but he was not the less anxious about her health, or less tender in his attentions: yet a something—he knew not what—deprived him of his usual ease.

The next morning he received a sealed note from Eliza---before he left his dressing room---requesting he would send away his servant and receive her visit alone.

Trembling with anxiety, the old gentleman did as he was desired; and with his eyes fixed on the door, shuddered at the apprehension of what might follow.

Eliza entered---her cheek was pale—— her eyes red with weeping----and hollow with the melancholy vigils of successive sleepless nights---while humility, and dignity, so tempered her appearance, that it bespoke commiseration, yet claimed respect.

Having turned the key---Eliza approached her husband, who was equally immoveable from terror and weakness—— She entreated to be heard without interruption.

" Go on,—Go on,—my beloved Eliza " —be quick—if you would not kill me " with suspense."

" Forbear, Mr. Mansel, to honour with " epithets of affection or distinction, the " wretch who has injured you in the ten- " derest point. Yet heaven is my witness,

" how sincerely—how urgently I struggled
" with my fatal passion for your too
" accomplished nephew: but tempted by
" artifices unworthy the character of a
" man of honour—snared by false pre-
" tences—my privacy invaded—my reason
" stolen from me.—What, alas, could I
" do? But fall under the mighty pressure
" of so many circumstances—all assisting
" unbounded love in compassing my ruin!

" When honored with the offer of your
" hand, my affections were free; but
" from the moment I saw Mr. Dormer,
" they ceased to be so. I thought it then,
" too late to retract my engagement, as
" the motive was a secret that could not be
" divulged. I therefore gave you my hand,
" assured that my heart—whatever its
" sufferings—would never betray me into
" a disgraceful act. You may remember,
" how studiously I avoided Mr. Dormer's

" wishes to be my music master, as well
" as many other trifling occurrences, in
" which I shunned—as much as possible—
" all kind of intimate association with him :
" but he practised such bold attempts on
" my honour; nay, delivered me letters
" filled with love, even in your presence;
" and pursued a train of such systematic
" villany, as would have required more
" than the ordinary powers of humanity
" either to mitigate, or avert.—In short—
" I became zealously devoted to him—the
" child I bore, was his—we were to have
" married at your death, and I suffered
" my bigotted mind to dwell, with rap-
" ture, on the fond anticipation. Still,
" I hope, I never, outwardly, forgot my
" duty towards you; and my attention
" arose from different motives than his. I
" acted from gratitude—he, from the re-
" finement of duplicity. For, at those
" moments, when he appeared most wor-

" thy your regard, he was basely plotting
" the overthrow of your happiness.

" I do not ask you, Mr. Mansel, to
" forgive me—I cannot forgive myself—
" and this confession, is alike, intended to
" display my own shame, and to open your
" eyes to the real character of a wretch, on
" whom you lavish your fortune and
" affections. I am no longer wor-
" thy your name—suffer me, therefore,
" to retire, for ever, from your sight! the
" remembrance of my father's worth, will,
"—perhaps—induce you to save his only
" child from absolute beggary."

The tears had, for some time, been running down the cheeks of Mr. Mansel: but at this concluding appeal, his agonies burst forth in violent, and convulsive, sobbings. It was in vain to offer relief—nature must be allowed the indulgence of

its emotions—and this gust of grief was succeeded by moderation. He held Eliza's hand grasped within his—he still addressed her by the tenderest names—but she only answered by her tears.

At length, she requested to retire; and having given him a bundle, containing Dormer's letters, said, she rested *all* that she could claim from mercy, on their contents.

She, then, left the room.

Mr. Mansel eagerly began the perusal of these papers; and, as he pursued the task, his hair almost stood on end at the tale of horror they unfolded. As soon as his passions would permit, he called for his writing desk, and began.

Mansel Hall.

" Sir,

" I am in possession of all your letters to Mrs. Mansel, and leave you to reflection; it will, one day or other, sufficiently punish you. In the mean time, my bankers have orders to discontinue the payment of your drafts.

" AUG: MANSEL."

This letter was the first object that presented itself to Mr. Dormer's notice on his return home: he snatched it from the table—he was petrified at the contents.—He trod the room in a hasty and disturbed step—beat his forehead with his clenched hand—raved—maddened!

He rang the bell for Simpson—Simpson was not at home.—He rushed from the house, saying, she should not return till night.

Miss Aurelia, all this time, was busily employed in providing for his total downfall. Having consulted with Lacey, and both with the keeper of the sponging-house, the latter engaged to settle the business before night. He, accordingly, dispatched one of his followers for a runner, and they went together to Simpson.—Having first alarmed him with a recapitulation of circumstances, they told him they had a warrant for his apprehension. Finding his terror equal to their wishes, they proceeded to soften the business, by telling him, he would be safe, if he turned King's evidence, and hanged his master:—to which alternative, the *faithful* fellow—seeing "*the game was up*," as he expressed himself—readily agreed. He was taken before a magistrate, and a warrant made out for the apprehension of the Honourable Mr. Dormer, on his deposition.

Simpson, however, turned pale when he found he must remain in custody; but they assured him that was only a matter of form, by which the law secured evidence in criminal cases; and that he would be released, as soon as his master was condemned.

Consoled by this assurance, he went quietly to the Cold-bath fields' prison, expecting the result of this *ill-looking* adventure.

Here, it may not be amiss to say a few words on the birth, parentage, and education, of this prime minister to Mr. Dormer's pleasures.

Of his family, it will suffice to state, that his father was originally a country publican; but having accidentally entertained a grazier, one evening, who was returning home with

a leathern purse well filled—the conscientious landlord waylaid his unsuspecting guest, and eased him of the golden burthen.

This booty, which he very *piously* sirnamed—a *God-send*—amounted to nearly three hundred guineas; but the news of the robbery soon taking wind—Mr. Simpson, the elder, who perceived his neighbours were not without their *opinions*, took himself off, and repaired to London.

Here he commenced gentleman—in other words—he opened a snug gaming table for the amusement of his friends; but as he wanted *talents* to silence *justice*; he was, after a short, though prosperous, reign, despoiled of his new avocation.

His next emigration was to Newgate

on *certain* suspicions, not highly redounding to his honor: and his present livelihood is earned at the tap of a prison within the metropolis.

The junior Mr. Simpson, who, in imitation of his *worthy* parents, was a strict methodist, commenced his early career as shopman to a Cheapside haberdasher—in this situation, assisted by a shewy exterior, and a wheedling tongue, he recommended himself particularly to the notice of Kitty, a smiling little rose-bud just apprenticed from Yorkshire, who condescended to take his arm on Sundays, and follow him to Chapel.

Miss was a novice: but, soon became a religious enthusiast. Young Simpson flattered the propensity, and "marked her for his own." In the mean time Cupid played

him a slippery trick; but self interest reconciled him with the wanton urchin.

It happened, that Mr. Dormer in one of his sentimental rambles had strayed into the popular conventicle frequented by this devout pair, and seeing—admired, the object of Mr. Simpson's *pious* gallantry—he pursued, and won, the frail fair one to his wishes; while her lover—like many other *great* men—was enriched, and pocketed the affront.

A fawning address—a puritanical air—a semblance of honesty—and a convenient conscience, were powerful qualities to recommend him to Mr. Dormer, who soon after placed him at the head of his establishment.

In this situation, he overcame the little virtue that was left his mistress, and became

her privy counsellor and friend. Thus tutored,—Kitty soon pressed a certain Viscount into her service, who was at that time, famous, or rather *infamous*, for the variety of his amours. Our Hero instantly dropped his visits; and *Madame* became the favorite Sultana of this new enamorato: but constancy was not his motto—she was, in turn, deserted.

Whilst he loved, my Lord had been lavish in his bounties; but as interest solely guided the affections of the lady, his attentions ceased to be desired, when unaccompanied by splendid presents. She, therefore, most philosophically submitted to his absence, and received his parting peace-offering without venting even an hypocritical tear.

Kitty — now a professed Cypriad — eagerly enlisted under the gaudy banners of

fashion and dissipation. She sported an elegant chariot—occupied an upper box at the opera—and was occasionly the *chere amie* of half the town; till insolence increasing with prosperity, her lovers gradually forsook the mysteries of her boudoir; and extravagance, nothing relaxing, her finances soon grew as taper as her reputation.

But Kitty still possessed an infinity of allurement: and so gifted, what had she to fear? In these days of refinement, a mistress is considered an indispensable appendage to the suite of a boy of rank: and young maidens are taught to receive, as a laurelled hero, the abandoned lover, who has just paid £5000 damages for destroying the domestic peace of his most intimate friend: for branding with infamy and disgrace a previously exemplary wife: for entailing suspicion and unjust contempt on

the innocent, unoffending, offspring of illicit love!

These are the refinements of gallantry which dignify the courtly annals of modern times: where virtue is put out of countenance by the presumption of vice, and modest worth shrinks from assuming insolence, unequal to a contest with, "the "rattling tongue of saucy eloquence."

Habits of expense are not easily eradicated: and although Kitty's purse now filled by accident—her establishment was a regular drain on her decreasing property: till, at length, poverty stared fully in her face.

In the mean time, she was initiated by her *faithful* confidant—who shared her ill-gotten wages—into every species of vice, and soon became an adept: when want

and disease gradually reduced her to extract relief from unlawful depredations on the purses of the thoughtless few whom she still lured into her snares. At length, she was detected, arraigned, condemned and transported. On their passage to Botany Bay, she caught a fever from her fellow convicts, and died without time, or even inclination, to repent her mispent life.

This anecdote we record as one of many emblematical of the *morals*, both of the master and the man. Congenial minds united them in one common interest: hence the agonies of Dormer at the unaccountable absence of his valet.

A suspense arising from the hope of we know not what, and the fear of we know not why, is truly insupportable. The man

who forms plans of systematic deception, though every wish appears to be gratified, is still a miserable wretch.—He trembles at his shadow, and startles with the passing breeze that agitates each leaf. He lives in perpetual apprehension of discovery; and too generally finds, in the accomplishment of his unwarrantable schemes, tortures, ten thousand times more acute, than any he could have experienced in the bitterest disappointment of his most darling hopes.

It was two o'clock, in the morning, when Mr. Dormer returned home; and he was quite startled to find Simpson had not been seen at the hotel: He went to bed—but not to sleep.—Towards day-light, he had fallen into a doze, when a loud knocking, at his chamber door, aroused him. "Who's there"—he demanded—

upon which, he was ordered to open the door instantly, or it would be forced.

Dormer sprang wildly from the bed, and seizing his pistols, which hung on the wall, he discharged them both into his mouth, just as the runners had broken open the door—they found their prisoner weltering in his blood, without signs of life.

The confusion, naturally attendant on such a tragical event, roused every body in the hotel; and the fate of the Honourable Mr. Dormer occupied the conversation of every breakfast table, west of Charing Cross—his various delinquencies were bandied, from house to house, with incredible rapidity—and so embellished—that, before noon, he had altogether ceased to be the hero of the prevailing tale.

Thus perished a man, whose uncommon talents might have taught an admiring nation to look up to his exertions, as its best pride in prosperity; and its best hope in adversity:—yet, thus gifted—with a mind sufficiently capacious to imagine schemes for the aggrandisement of the state—he was content to grovel in the accomplishment of plans, degrading to human nature!

When all these reports were *obligingly* communicated to the Duchess by her friends; she could not forbear giving a sigh of regret to this monstrous distortion of so many valuable attributes—happily—her understanding had been more interested than her affections—her choice was, therefore, rather in compliment to her reason, than in obedience to her heart.

But with Laura Manly it was very dif-

ferent. The family had been a few weeks in town; and when Mr. Manly came home with the direful tidings of Mr. Dormer's violent death, without knowing all the particulars—Laura burst into a flood of tears.

"My child," exclaimed her anxious "parent," this is an amiable tribute to "the memory of man, who, at the "hazard of his own, saved your, life: "even the crimes which are said to have "stained his character, do not exclude the "virtuous from offering the tear of gra- "titude to a deceased benefactor. My "love!—I applaud your feelings.

"Alas, my father, how will it be, when "I have confessed that there is *one* act "of my life, towards you, so tinctured "with ingratitude, I tremble to make the "discovery."

" What can you fear, my Laura, from " the *tenderness* of your father—when I " am confident, you have nothing to ap- " prehend from his *justice* ?"

" Know then, best and most indul- " gent of parents, that the tears I drop " are the *last* remembrances of a *first* " passion—yes—my Father !—I loved Mr. " Dormer—fondly loved him—we had " many interviews at Rosemary farm, when " I confessed, to him, the fulness of my " feelings—His Uncle, however, having " disapproved his sentiments in my favour, " and knowing your approbation could " not, under such circumstances, have " been obtained,—he dared, in the ardour " of his passion, to propose an elope- " ment.

" From that moment, I broke off all " intercourse with him, and never saw him

" again—till two days after the fire."

Mr. Manly started!

" Well may you express astonishment,
" my father: yes!—it was Dormer who
" stole me from your arms on that dreadful
" night—yet, I can assure you, the only ad-
" vantage he took of my captivity, was his
" unceasing prayers that I would consent
" to become his wife.

" Iam too much agitated, at this moment,
" to give you the particulars of this adven-
" ture; butI have a written account of it in
" my port folio, which I will present to
" you—my silence, as to his name, arose
" from a fear of involving you in difficul-
" ties—now, he is gone—poor, wicked,
" man,—no family altercation can possibly
" arise."

A servant entered the room, with a note to Mr. Manly, which, on opening, he found to contain a pressing invitation from the Duchess of Kingsbrow to see him; and apologies for the trouble, which she hoped would be atoned by communications she had to make—her Grace added, she would remain at home all the morning.

Laura, now, went up stairs to repose her troubles in the bosom of her mother, and to seek consolation from her tenderness; while Mr. Manly hastened to Grosvenor Square, in obedience to the commands of the Duchess.

He was immediately admitted—and ceremonials being adjusted—her Grace proceeded to explain her situation with Mr. Dormer at the time of his death, and the means by which his villanies were exposed

to the world—that the person who had rendered her this essential service, was, she feared, instigated by motives, not of a very amiable nature; but her obligations were not less, nor would Mr. Manly's, she believed, when he understood how much he was interested on the subject.

Her Grace then proceeded to explain to him how basely Mr. Dormer had acted, in order to facilitate the elopement of Miss Manly; and that Miss Spraggs—her informant—finding the name of that young lady must inevitably connect with the public detail of that peculiar branch of his offences—had made an affidavit of every particular relating to that young lady's conduct, from the evening of her arrival at his country seat, to her escape: all which was confirmed by the corresponding testimony of her mother—that having accidentally heard, in the morning, of Mr. Man-

ly's being in town, she deemed it incumbent on her to make him easy on this head. Her Grace concluded, by an animated eulogium on the conduct of his amiable daughter, whom she ardently longed to be acquainted with.

This public confirmation of the rectitude of Laura's conduct under circumstances, which might otherwise have infected her fair fame, could not fail to be pleasing to the family; and an acquaintance commenced, which soon became intimate and unreserved.

It happened, that the dukedom of Kingsbrow devolved on a very distant branch of the family; between whom and the late Duke, no sort of intercourse prevailed. The presumptive heir entered young into the army; and was, now a

Colonel,—serving in India—in the 29th year of his age.

At the famous battle of *Assye*, he had been dangerously wounded: but the skill of his surgeon restored him to every thing except his strength; when he procured leave to return to England for the benefit of his health.

Young Manly—now a Lieut. Colonel—had also obtained leave to return to Europe; and these Gentlemen were passengers together, on board the "*Marquis of* "*Wellesley*," from Calcutta.

A very lively friendship was cemented between these brother soldiers during their voyage, and Manly—who knew nothing of the vicissitudes which had taken place in his family—engaged his friend to accompany him down to the North,

where he supposed he should find his father at this season of the year.

The unexpected arrival of Edward diffused new joys among this, now, happy family. He did not forget to name his friend to his father, and nothing could equal his astonishment, when he learnt he was become Duke of Kingsbrow.

Mr. Manly, when a little released from the rapidity of events which had lately so crouded upon him, determined on a visit to Mr. Mansel.

The old Gentleman received him with unaffected kindness; and repeated the melancholy story of his domestic sufferings.

Convinced, by the perusal of the letters, that Mrs. Mansel had done all that could be done, in her circumstances—he deplo-

red, but did not censure, her weakness: By every tender care he had striven to make her at peace with herself; but the sensibility of her amiable nature had been so powerfully shocked by the developement of Dormer's character, that she relapsed from one stage of melancholy, to another, till she totally lost her reason.

In this state, she wandered about the domain,—fancifully attired — insensible to every thing, except the wild—unconnected —images, she conjured up in her disturbed brain. She was perfectly harmless; but altogether lost to every pleasurable recollection. She appeared the splendid ruin of her former self.

Here Mr. Manly, also, learnt, that Mr. Mansel was altogether ignorant of his nephew's attachment to Laura; and that

so far from opposing, he would have accelerated, their union.

" Merciful heaven,"—said Mr. Manly," " —how is it possible to conceive, that " such a train of deception could ever have " been practised !"

" Had you but known, my good sir," interrupted Mr. Mansel—sobbing aloud— " had you but known, the enthusiasm " with which I loved that wretch, you " would not wonder, to see my heart- " strings breaking with the agony of its " own emotions!—Would, I were in the " peaceful grave!

" Methinks I feel, even now, the pres- " sure of his infant hands, grasping my " finger, as I caressed him on my sister's " knee—each playful wonder of his child- " hood crouds on my memory——yet he

" was virtuously educated—his mother was
" a pattern to her sex, and the late Lord
" Dormer, his father, a man universally
" esteemed.---But alas! how have they
" degenerated in their children !---the pre-
" sent lord is a nonentity—a Being, who
" seems to have been sent into the world,
" merely to occupy a space in the creation:
" without exertion—without talents—he
" contents himself with doing no evil, as
" if it were not a glaring defect, with the
" power, to abstain from doing good.
" He is a machine, worked by instinct,
" and only differs from an automaton in
" the gift of speech. On Augustus all
" the family hopes depended—through
" him, we expected to transmit the
" family name, with dignity, to posterity
" ——Now, all is gone!—the title will be
" extinct!—and I have no one to inherit
" my fortune! Will you be my heir, Mr.
" Manly?—will any body?—for I am

" sick of life—but there is one thing
" still to be done. Mr. Manly!—you
" are a man of humanity—Poor Mrs.
" Mansel!—do you not pity *her*, and feel
" for *me?*

" Dear, lovely, deluded, remnant, of
" every grace—beauty—and virtue—who,
" when I am gone, will humour thy way-
" ward fancies!—who, seek thee in thy
" wanderings! who, protect thee in thy
" helpless infirmities!"

" That task be mine," exclaimed Mr. Manly emphatically—" I will pour wine
" and oil into the wounds of sensibility—I
" will be her friend—her parent."

" Heaven be praised"—said Mr. Mansel
"—then I shall die in peace!"

This affecting visit lasted some days.

Mr. Manly scarce knew how to leave the poor old gentleman, whom he had greatly comforted, by leading his mind to the never-failing resources of piety and resignation.——His presence, however, was necessary at home and they parted for a short time.

The Duchess, now, consulted the Manlys, as to the conduct she should pursue with regard to Miss Spraggs. She was by no means satisfied with that lady's conduct; still, there was a generosity in the part she took, relative to herself and Laura, which required some remuneration.—— Her situation was looked into by Mr. Manly, and he found Lacey to be so worthless a character, that it would be no charity to negotiate a marriage between them, and to assist their views in life.---It was, therefore, determined, that Miss Spraggs should be invited to atone her

past offences in the Magdalen, upon a promise, if she conducted herself prudently and becomingly, to release her at the end of a twelvemonth; when, she might retire with her mother into the country, on an annuity of £100 per annum.

Mrs. Spraggs being sent for, and severely lectured on her indiscretion in countenancing the ruin of her only child, she professed much penitence, and promised to obey her benefactors in all things.

This plan was, afterwards, realised; and Miss Aurelia Clementina became a penitent. Indeed, the fate of Mr. Dormer had so awakened her to a just reflection on the hasty indulgence of violent passions, that she readily embraced a penance promising consolation to the tortures of an upbraiding conscience.

Before the expiration of summer, Lady William and Emily returned from the Continent: the former, a sensible, discreet woman; the latter, as gay, playful, and as amiable as ever. She soon found occasion to rally Laura anew; for, to tell the reader a truth—the Duke and Laura; the Colonel and the Duchess—had so well arranged their plans, that a double marriage, had not only been projected, but was on the eve of publication. Meanwhile the ladies visited the lovely maniac of Mansel-hall.

Having passed some time with Mr. Mansel, whose domestic afflictions had hurried on a violent fit of his old disorder, they requested to see the poor—ill-fated—Eliza.

"Dear, fallen, Angel,"—said Mr Mansel—his utterance almost choaked—"she wanders about the grounds, insensible

" to all my tenderness—unconscious of
" my despair. I cannot walk, dear ladies,
" but you will find my poor Eliza near the
" mount—that is her constant refuge."

The Duchess and Laura left the agonised husband, to pursue the object of their humane enquiries.

At a short distance from the pavilion, they met the lovely wanderer retiring from the scene of her destruction. She was clad in plain white muslin—no hat; but a simple fillet of wild flowers bound her temples—Her eyes intently bent upon the ground—her movement slow—her step solemn—her beautiful arms—ungloved—folded, pathetically, over her bosom, and appeared to press a small volume to her heart. She was wholly insensible to the approach of her pitying friends, till they crossed her path: seeing them—she halted—hesi-

tated—cast a wild look around her—and again sought the ground with her expressive eyes.

" Do you not know me, my love,"—said Laura, attempting to take her disengaged hand, which now hung carelessly down her side—" do you not know your friend?"

Eliza gazed, stedfastly, on our heroine—and her features relaxed into a vacant smile.

" Know you!"—she, at length, repeated—" oh, yes!—you are the lady of " the manor—but here"—patting her forehead—" all is not well—my memory fails, " I forget every thing.—Every thing," starting—" oh, no—not every thing—I " remember *there*"—pointing to the pavilion—" *there*, he is buried !---cold !---cold ! " ---cold !"---She sighed piteously.

" Had you but seen him," she resumed ---her countenance brightening---" such a " form!—such grace!---such manly beauty! " but he is dead---and my husband is dead " ---and I---pray shall not I die too?"

Tears had already stolen from the eyes of the Duchess and Laura; but, at this impressive address, they both wept abundantly.

" Nay now, fair ladies! prithee, shed no " tears—did you not hear there was no " pity in the world?---oh---no---no---no "---mockery all!

" Hush!--- *somebody* will hear us, and " then you know *he* will be angry."——She paused some moments---" Shall I sing you " my song, lady? well, mark how sweetly " it begins---'tis melody to me—here, here,

" here"—pressing her bosom—" I feel it " here—it will do me good."

Opening the volume, which was of poems, Eliza began her mournful strain, accompanying the words with tones so affectingly touching, they thrilled the very soul with agony.

Cold was the night, and drear the heath,
And high old ocean roll'd;
And shrill across the frighted gloom
The tortur'd Spirits howl'd.

Around the abbey's ivy'd wall,
The boding Owlet flew,
By fit's upon the moulder'd bone,
The moon-beam flash'd to view.

When hapless Lucy left her cot,
And wander'd forth unseen;
Whilst gently on her throbbing breast
Her sleeping Babe did lean.

" Ah! cruel," cried she, "was the youth,
" That cou'd this bosom fly;
" Ah! cruel left these faithful arms,
" Nor breath'd one parting sigh!"

Then rush'd she madd'ning o'er the heath;
Deep heav'd the swelling storm;
The chill rain fell, the cold wind beat,
And shrank her gentle form.

" Where shall I fly?" she oft exclaim'd,
" Where shall I seek for aid?
" Ah! would that in the narrow cell
" This broken heart were laid."

" Hark! hark! thro' yonder cloister'd aile,
" How shrieks the northern blast!
" See! see! oh saw ye not my babe,
" Thy ruthless father pass?"

Thus said she, and with sudden step,
Sprang forward to pursue,
When, dreadful, from her heedless grasp
Her little infant flew.

Ah me! upon the rocky ground,
See, gor'd its tender breast!
It scream'd, it writh'd, then stretch'd its arms,
And sigh'd its soul to rest.

Ah Lucy, then how swell'd thine heart,
How didst thy breast heave high!
Pale grew thy features, pale thy lips,
And pale thy sinking eye.

"Tis past," she cried, "and I will go
"To my eternal home;
"To where my little spirit's fled,
"I come, my child, I come!

Then wildly to the sounding surge,
And shrieking did she fly;
Despair upon her pallid cheek,
Distraction in her eye.

"I come, my child, my lovely child,
"I come," was heard once more;
And loudly roar'd the foaming tide,
And dash'd the rocky shore.

Then Lucy leap'd from off the cliff,
Her eye was bent on heav'n;
And sure as mercy dwelleth there,
Shall Lucy be forgiv'n.

Now darker gloom'd the lurid sky,
And louder groan'd the storm,
And white upon the turbid wave,
Floated fair Lucy's form.

"Forgive my love," she faintly cried,
As wild the waters swept,
And deep beneath the billow's rage,
In peace poor Lucy slept.

At this conclusion, Eliza mused—looked down—shook her head—sighed bitterly.—At length, she exclaimed,

"But all this is nothing—Men, now, "parade the streets, in open day, with "masks upon their features—ah me! "well do I know it!—and I know too— "that they can plant daggers in your heart,

" while they smile in your face—but they " DRAW NO BLOOD you know—is not that " admirable, lady!—Ha! ha! ha!"

The hysteric laugh was momentary—then, recollecting, as it were, she assumed the attitude of one listening:

" Hark!—*one*—*two*—they are pistols! " help the re—murder!—Nay,—do you " not see him bleed?"—Uttering a piercing shriek, Eliza bounded from the spot—her light form glided rapidly through the shrubbery—her flight unchecked, till she reached her dressing room—She closed the door—and was no more visible that day.

At the following sessions, Simpson was taken up to the Old Bailey, to stand his trial; but no prosecutor appearing, he was dismissed, with an impressive admonition from the Bench.

The cottage, near Teignmouth, was ornamented; and converted with additions, into a snug farm, and presented to Martha, who would not, however, leave her dear Master and Mistress: she, therefore, ents it out, and funds the proceeds. Suitable acknowledgements were made to the kind-hearted Mrs. Block, and a handsome living was presented to the good Curate. Thus, in the re-establishment of his own happiness, the worthy Mr. Manly benevolently sought that of his friends and dependants.

To Laura, on her marriage, Mr. Manly gave £130,000—and Mr. Mansel, on the occasion, presented her with a magnificent suit of diamonds.

With Edward, the paternal estates were divided: and this double marriage, promising so much mutual happiness, was soon

after celebrated to the gratification of all parties.—The service, by the Rev. Mr. Douglass, who was a warm partaker in the general joy.

About this period, a splendid equipage drove up to Mr. Manly's door, and a ticket was ushered upstairs, announcing Mr. Elmore.

An elegant and accomplished gentleman presented himself to the company; and was received by Mr. Manly, with cordial tokens of welcome.—It was the young Misanthrope from the Fleet—nor was his pleasure less to find an handsome estate had lately devolved to his friend; who, now, knew how to estimate the possession of independence.

Mr. Elmore became an intimate guest at the tables of the Manly family, and the

gay Emily soon began to discover, he was " a most agreeable and charming fellow," —Sir George still remained a prisoner in France.

It was now our heroine's turn to attack her rattling cousin.—Her heart at ease —her spirits on the *qui vive*—she tripped gaily upstairs, just before dinner, and tapping at Emily's door entered :

" 'Tis only me—but, prithee, why so " grave sweet Coz ?—Come, be a good " girl, and confess—does not the *little* " *Urchin* make strange creatures of us all ? " —But at first sight !—how ridiculous !— " the *stoic* Emily to be ensnared by a " single glance— 'tis really a most enter- " taining *evenement* ; and when *properly* " embellished, will electrify every tea- " table, within the circle of haut-ton.— " Permit me, however, to tell you, Emily,

" that this new whim is more in compli-
" ment to your eyes, than your judgment."

" I saw with the eye of reason,"—retor-
ted Emily with some confusion—" Senti-
" ment cherishes, and my heart approves,
" the emotion."

" Who is romantic now," —answered
Laura,—" but I suppose your knight is
" equally stricken with yourself. — You
" have, doubtlessly, inspired him above
" vulgar mortals, and his heart, with pecu-
" liar facility, receives your lesson."

" There are circumstances and situations
" I believe, Laura, where the heart does
" not wait for prudence—but if reason,
" afterwards takes the lead, to correct
" first impressions, we pardon the hasty
" judgment of the eye, and discretion
" confirms her empire over our hopes."

" I wish Elmore was slily in a corner
" listening to your logic Emily—with a
" blush too—nay, be composed—I admit
" your argument, *intuitively*; but we must
" both allow, that there are millions of
" deplorable instances, in domestic life,
" where misery springs up from the fas-
" cination of the senses, and the delusion
" of the eye.—You, however, may cheer
" up—your's, though a *quick*, will be a
" *lasting*, impression; and I will gladly
" guarantee the worth of the object.
" Follow me, and let us tell him so."

" Willingly—*marriage* and *hanging* go
" by destiny, you know, Laura!"

Of Lord William, it was long before any accounts could be collected; at last, it was ascertained, that he died by the stiletto of a bravo, at Venice, employed to satiate the jealous vengeance of a noble-

man, who had a very lovely wife; but her manners, being more tinctured with French levity, than Italian circumspection, this was the fifth sacrifice her *Caro Sposo* had made to the "green-eyed monster."

It remains only to state, that Mr. and Mrs. Manly live, happy in themselves, and happy in their children.—They anxiously expect the additional delight of two little playfellows—an event predicted by the young brides—to fill up the measure of their contentment. Thus, blessing and blessed, they enjoy all that peaceful serenity, which arises from a virtuous, and well spent, life.

"The ways of heaven are dark and "intricate:"—events arise impervious to the eyes of mortals: and those calamities, we most grievously deplore, often, lead to our ultimate happiness: while the profli-

gate pursues, for a season, his uninterrupted course, unchecked by the chastising hand of Providence; but it is to make the awful lesson more impressive!—In the gayest moment of fancied security, he is hurled from the presumptuous height to which his vices led him—and is presented—to the world—unmasked—an hideous form, writhing in the agonies of bitterness—anguish—and despair!

THE END.

POSTSCRIPT.

While this volume was at press, the author, accidentally, stumbled on the following anecdote; which appeared so apposite to his Thesis, that he tore it from the European Magazine for the year 1801, to present it to the reader. It will, at least, tend to prove, that he is not singular in his opinions, on the extent and power of dissimulation.

A stranger, well mounted, and attended by a servant in a rich livery, one morning in the month of July, entered a market-town in Somersetshire, where the assizes were then held; and having put up at one of the principal inns, enquired of the land-

lord as to the curiosities and amusements of the place. Boniface, who was extremely well qualified to answer these enquiries, assured him, with a low bow, that there was no want of entertainment, as the players were in the town, and moreover that it was *Size time*; accompanying his remarks with a recommendation that the Gentleman should by all means go to hear the trials that morning, as a highwayman was to be brought up. The stranger made some objections to this invitation, upon the ground of his being unknown, and the little chance he stood of meeting with proper accomodation. This difficulty was, however, removed by the loquacious landlord assuring him, that a Gentleman of his appearance would be readily admitted: indeed, to make it more certain, he attended him to the Court-house, and represented him in such a way to his friends, the

Judge's Clerks, that he obtained a seat at a little distance from the Judge, just as the poor highwayman was about to make his defence. The appearance of the stranger, who was of elegant person and polished manners, arrested, for a moment, the attention of the Court, till the prisoner was asked, if he had any thing to say. The poor culprit assured the Judge, that he was not guilty of the robbery, and that if he knew where to find them, there were people who could prove an alibi. At this moment, the poor wretch happened to catch sight of the stranger, when he exclaimed with a degree of frantic joy, " can it be " possible ?" and fell backwards on the floor. He was, however, with some difficulty, recovered. When the Judge humanely enquired into the cause of his extravagant behaviour, the poor wretch answered with tears in his eyes, " Oh my " Lord, how providential ! that Gentle-

" man on your left hand can prove my " alibi."

" How !" replied the Judge ; " is this " true ? or is it merely a vain pretext to " procrastinate the just sentence of the " law ? Pray, Sir, let me ask you (con- " tinued his Lordship addressing himself " to the stranger,) Do you know any thing " of this man ?"

Upon this the traveller surveyed the criminal with the most scrupulous attention, and then said, " I am sorry to assure your " Lordship, that I do not know the pri- " soner."

" I thought as much," replied the Judge ; " it is mere trifling with justice."

The prisoner, however, still insisted, that the stranger knew him ; and the stran-

ger again as positively denied the assertion ; till the Judge, displeased at his presumption, was about to receive the verdict of the Jury.

The culprit now on his knees, entreated permission to say one word.

" Indeed, my Lord," cried he, " the " Gentleman does know me, though he " may have forgotten my person ; only " give me leave to ask him three questions, " and it will save my life."

The Judge humanely consented, and the curiosity of the whole court was excited.

" Pray, Sir," cried the prisoner, addressing himself to the stranger, " did " not you land at Dover about a twelve- " month since ?"

" I believe I might," replied the gentleman.

" And pray, Sir, do you not recollect " that a man in a sailor's jacket carried " your trunk from the beach to the " tavern?"

" I can't say that I remember it," returned the stranger; " but it might possibly " be so."

At these words, the prisoner, not disheartened at the difficulties he had met with, pulled off his wig, and again interrogated the stranger.

" Do you not, Sir, remember, that the " man who carried your trunk on that day " shewed you a scar he had got on his " head in fighting for his king and country; " and that he related the particulars of the

" action in which he was wounded? This " is the same scar; look at it."

" Good God!" exclaimed the stranger; " I do, indeed, perfectly remember the " circumstance, and have every reason to " believe this to be the man, though I " had entirely forgotten his face: but, " my Lord," added the stranger, " I can " put it to a certainty, for I have a memo- " randum of the day I arrived at Dover " from Calais."

The date was compared with the day laid in the indictment, and found to be the same. The whole Court felt the impression, and joy was visible in every face; when, after examining the gentleman as to his name and place of abode, the foreman of the Jury pronounced, " Not Guilty."

A few evenings only elapsed, when the prisoner, the stranger, and his livery-servant, were recognised upon the road in their original capacities of experienced highwaymen.

THE END.

G. SIDNEY, Printer,
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